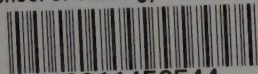


School of Theology at Claremont



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THE RULES OF THE GAME

▼ FLOYD W. LAMBERTSON ▼



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The Rules of the Game

By

FLOYD W. LAMBERTSON



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CONTENTS

LESSON	PAGE
I. THE RULES OF THE GAME.....	5
II. THE STORY OF A "GOOD TURN".....	10
III. WHEN DAVID SAVED THE DAY.....	18
IV. DAVID WINS THROUGH GENEROSITY.....	27
V. MOC'S COALS OF FIRE.....	34
VI. THE MAN WHO WAS TRUE TO HIMSELF..	42
VII. THE HERO OF LABRADOR.....	50
VIII. A HERO OF DISTANT SEAS.....	58
IX. PETER'S COURAGE FAILS IN THE TEST....	66
X. PETER FINDS HIS COURAGE.....	72
XI. THE WAY TWO BOYS MET A TEST.....	78
XII. THE VICTORY OF A LONE CHAMPION.....	86
XIII. THE RAJA OF THE KINGDOM OF TRUTH...	92
XIV. EVIL ALLURES, BUT GOOD ENDURES.....	98
XV. THE LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER.....	103
XVI. THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.....	109
XVII. RE-LEARNED "RULES OF THE GAME" (RE- VIEW).....	112
XVIII. THE BOY WHO GAVE A CUP OF COLD WATER.....	115
XIX. THE LUNCH THAT WAS SHARED.....	120
XX. TEACHING HEROES HOW TO LIVE.....	126
XXI. A WISE MAN AND A FOOLISH MAN.....	132
XXII. WHEN A NATION PLAYED THE GAME.....	136
XXIII. WU YUAN, A CHINESE HERO.....	143

CONTENTS

LESSON	PAGE
XXIV. TWO THOUSAND MILES FOR A BOOK.	150
XXV. THE HEROINE OF THE LAND OF SILENCE AND DARKNESS.	156
XXVI. BOYHOOD IN ANCIENT TARSUS.	163
XXVII. PAUL CHANGES HIS PLANS.	170
XXVIII. IN LABORS ABUNDANT.	176
XXIX. STEADFAST TO THE END.	183
XXX. WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS.	188
XXXI. A CODE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.	196
XXXII. THE HALL OF HEROES.	203

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
THE GOOD SAMARITAN	13
WHERE DAVID WATCHED HIS FLOCKS.	21
DENIAL OF SAINT PETER.	69
SAINT PETER IN PRISON VISITED BY SAINT PAUL (FILIPPO LIPPI)	75
SAINT CHRISTOPHER CARRYING THE CHILD ACROSS THE RIVER (TITIAN).	107
A STREET IN BETHLEHEM, WHERE JESUS WAS BORN.	115
THE MULTIPLICATION OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES (MURILLO).	123
A TENT SUCH AS PAUL LEARNED TO MAKE.	167
MAP—ROMAN EMPIRE, SHOWING JOURNEYS OF PAUL.	172
PAUL WRITING TO THE CHURCHES HE HAD FOUNDED. .	187
THE HERO OF HEROES (PAOLO VERONESE).	207

LESSON I

THE RULES OF THE GAME

THE football game was at a critical point. The score was a tie and the home team had the ball on their opponent's five-yard line, second down, with only two minutes left to play. Two more plunges through the line and victory!

Then a heart-breaking thing happened. The referee blew his whistle, gave an order, and the home team were compelled to move back fifteen yards—penalized because Dick Raines, star player, had made a foul tackle. Dick had not obeyed the rules of the game, and his failure brought defeat to his team and shame and humiliation to himself.

Every kind of game must have its rules, and the players must obey the rules if they would win. This is true in many other things as well as in games and play.

There are rules which must be obeyed in the school and at home. Often the rules are not printed nor written down. We only know in a general way what they are, but they all center about one general rule: *Do what you know to be right*. Dick Raines knew it was not right to make a foul tackle. He not only knew that it was

6 THE RULES OF THE GAME

against the rules, but he knew that good sportsmen always play fair in a game.

The Boy Scouts have rules which every Scout must learn and follow. They call one part of their rules the *Scout Oath*, and the other part the *Scout Law*. The Camp Fire Girls have similar rules. These are the Scout rules:

The Scout Oath: On my honor I will do my best—

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

The Scout Law:

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. A Scout is trustworthy. | 7. A Scout is obedient. |
| 2. A Scout is loyal. | 8. A Scout is cheerful. |
| 3. A Scout is helpful. | 9. A Scout is thrifty. |
| 4. A Scout is friendly. | 10. A Scout is brave. |
| 5. A Scout is courteous. | 11. A Scout is clean. |
| 6. A Scout is kind. | 12. A Scout is reverent. |

The Camp Fire Law:

It is my desire to become a Camp Fire Girl, and to obey the Law of the Camp Fire, which is to:

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Seek beauty. | 5. Hold on to health. |
| 2. Give service. | 6. Glorify work. |
| 3. Pursue knowledge. | 7. Be happy. |
| 4. Be trustworthy. | |

This Law of the Camp Fire I will strive to follow.

Many years ago God gave a certain set of rules for men to live by. You have already read

these rules in the Bible, and perhaps learned them by heart. They were cut on tablets of stone and brought by Moses to the Israelites when they were on their way to the promised land. These "rules of the game" were called the *Ten Commandments*, and they are still in force for us to-day as they were for them of olden times. In their original form they were probably as follows:

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt make thee no molten gods.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.
5. Honor thy father and thy mother.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness.
10. Thou shalt not covet.

The Bible is our best book of "rules of the game"—the game of living happy and successful lives. Sometimes these rules are definitely set down, as in the case of the Ten Commandments and parts of the Sermon on the Mount. At other times some great man or woman or some heroic boy or girl shows us the "rules of the game" by a kindly act or noble deed. More than any one else in the world has Jesus shown us how to follow these rules.

Many there are, all over the world, who by

8 THE RULES OF THE GAME

their deeds are able to teach us the "rules of the game" as we should know and obey them. Most of the lessons that follow in this text are stories of people who were fine players in the game of living. Each story contains hidden somewhere in it an important "rule of the game." The rule is generally not stated in so many words, but it is in the story for you to find it as you study. To hunt for these rules, and perhaps to write them down, will be itself almost as good as a game. To follow the rules yourself as you discover them in your lessons will be to win the game.

It will help us if we remember that really important rules—the "rules of the game" as we shall study them in this book—were not made just that we might be made to obey rules to satisfy some one else. We have rules because they were found necessary for the good of us all. Just as we cannot run a game without rules to make good team work possible, so we must obey the "rules of the game" in our work and play and dealings with others if we are to do right by them and by ourselves.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

1. Why must every game have rules to be followed by those who play it?
2. What are the effects on a game if the rules are not obeyed? What are the effects on the player who breaks the rules?
3. Show how it is that we must have rules (or

laws) to govern our living, just as there must be rules to govern a game. For example, there is a rule (law) against stealing; against speeding an automobile; against selling whisky. There is also a rule (moral law) against telling a lie, doing harm to others, and being selfish. What other "rules of the game" (for our living) can you think of? Make a list of these in your notebook.

4. Do you know of any instance where a player spoiled a game or brought blame upon himself by not obeying the rules?
5. Do you know of any instance in which some one (not in a game, but in home or school or business) injured others or brought blame upon himself by not obeying the "rules of the game" in the matter of honesty, truth, obedience, or some other things mentioned in the Scout Law or in the Ten Commandments?
6. Do you think it is as important that we should learn the "rules of the game" for our daily living as for the game on the playground?
7. Commit to memory within the next few weeks (1) The Scout Oath and The Scout Law, or The Law of the Camp Fire Girls, (2) The Ten Commandments.

LESSON II

THE STORY OF A "GOOD TURN"

IT was early morning in the little city of Jericho. The quaint houses with their flat-topped roofs cast long shadows across the picturesque streets. Before one of the largest of the dwellings stood a small donkey ready saddled and drowsily wagging his ears under a palm tree to which he was tied. Out of the house floated glad voices and merry laughter of the children.

The door opened and the master of the house stepped forth arrayed for a journey. A hand rested fondly on each small head, and there was a special farewell word for each child and the mother, who had followed him out to the street.

"Don't forget your 'good turns' while I am away," said the father as he mounted the donkey.

"No, no! we will remember," came back in a chorus.

Then before he gathered up the reins the master of the house extended his hands in blessing over the little group and gave them his benediction: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace!"

"Amen"! was the reverent response from the group.

As the master of the house rode down the street of his native city he received cordial greetings, for he had been kind to many people and had helped them in time of need. His friends and neighbors called him "the Good Samaritan." Most of them knew the interesting little game the Good Samaritan and his family played. Each day it was their custom to do some deed of kindness to one outside of their own number. When the supper hour came and they were assembled around the table, each one recounted the deed he had done and the fun he had had in doing it. It was considered a great disgrace if any one had let a day pass without doing his "good turn." No wonder the Good Samaritan's neighbors gave him greeting, "Peace be unto thee!" and "Blessings upon thee and thy house!" as he passed by.

Soon the Good Samaritan and his donkey had passed out through the gates of Jericho. They were on their way to the great city of Jerusalem, which lay about twenty miles distant. Slowly they found their way over the ascending plain which led to the mountain pass through which they must go. As they entered the mountains the road became more rugged. At places it clung to the mountainside where cliffs rose above the travelers and where chasms yawned below. Here and there sharp turns were

12 THE RULES OF THE GAME

required, and great bowlders juttet out, completely shutting from view the road ahead.

The trip over this part of the way was always a dangerous one, for robbers frequently lurked in the dark places behind the rocks or hid in the caves on the mountainside. Many a traveler had been suddenly fallen upon and beaten by thieves and his money taken from him. Many a victim had been stripped of his raiment as well as his purse and left to suffer or die by the wayside.

"Steady, Bumpo!" said the Good Samaritan to his faithful donkey. "I don't like the kind of company we are likely to have, but we will be ready for them if they appear." With this he swung around so it would be within easy reach a stout cudgel like a policeman's club which he had fastened to the saddle. He felt for the well-filled pocket book, and put it into a more safe place. Then he urged the donkey into a faster pace.

Suddenly at a sharp turn of the road just ahead he caught a glimpse of a man approaching. He grasped his club and made ready in case the man should prove to be a robber. But no! Greatly to his relief, the traveler proved to be only a priest on his way to Jericho. The Good Samaritan would have given him greeting, but the priest haughtily turned away his head and passed by on the other side; for the priests did not like the Samaritans.

At the next bend in the road he met another



THE GOOD SAMARITAN



THE GOOD SAMARITAN

man, but this man was not a robber either. He was a Levite coming down from Jerusalem. The Levite, like the priest, offered no greeting, but passed by with a haughty look.

One more turn of the rugged road and the Good Samaritan would come to the most dangerous spot of all. Here the road was full of stones and the way was narrow and winding. If he could pass this point safely, he would feel that the danger was past. It would then be but a few miles to an inn where he could find rest and food.

So he went very carefully as he approached the dangerous place. His ears were alert for the slightest sound and his eye keen for signs of robbers. He thought he heard a cry ahead, and paused to listen. But no further sound came and he proceeded. Almost immediately he came to a place where marks on the ground showed that there had been a struggle. Then suddenly, a few steps farther along he was startled and shocked by a gruesome sight. On the ground lay a man, quite senseless and seemingly dead. His face and body were bruised and cut, and blood was running from a great wound on his head.

The Good Samaritan thought quickly. What should he do? The robbers might be near at hand waiting for another victim. If he went on as fast as he could without stopping, he could escape; if he delayed to help the injured man, the

thieves might rob him of his money, or even take his life.

But he did not hesitate. He slipped off his donkey and came to the man, who was now moaning with pain. He knelt beside him and examined his wounds. Then he tenderly bound them up, pouring in oil and wine to cleanse them and stop the pain. After a little he lifted the sufferer onto the back of his donkey, and walked beside him, supporting him till they came to the inn. There they took him in and cared for him. When the Good Samaritan was leaving the next day to continue his journey he paid the wounded man's bill, telling the inn keeper to let him stay until he was well, and that the Good Samaritan would pay whatever extra expense there was when he returned.

Having thus done his "good turn," even at the risk of his own safety, the Good Samaritan went on his way to Jerusalem, where he arrived late in the evening at the home of a friend. Three days he spent in the beautiful city. Soon after midday on the fourth day he mounted his patient donkey for the homeward journey. As he passed along the great street of the city where it approached the outer gate he paused at a market place to buy a small present for each of his children.

Suddenly he was startled by a harsh cry: "The Samaritan! The Samaritan dog! Down with the Samaritan!" He was quickly sur-

rounded by a threatening mob who shouted, "Out with him! Out with the pig of a Samaritan!" At first the Good Samaritan tried to reason with the rabble, and to ask why they attacked him. He did not know that the false report had been circulated in Jerusalem that the Samaritans were guilty of many robberies and crimes which had recently been committed there. The mob did not wait to explain. They jeered at him and spat upon him and struck him, driving him toward the city gate, and even threatening his life.

But when the tumult was at its height a strange thing happened. A stately figure in the rich apparel of a nobleman, and mounted on a spirited horse, forced its way into the crowd. The voice of an attendant rang out, "Make way for the son of Maccabees! Make way for the worthy prince!"

The uproar ceased in a moment. The mob became silent, and every eye was turned to the stately prince. Then the prince, after letting his gaze rest for a moment on the Good Samaritan, turned and spoke to the crowd:

"Friends, what would you? Why do you attack this innocent man? Five days ago I was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. I fell among robbers, who stripped me and beat me, and departed, leaving me half dead. By chance, a certain priest was going down that way; and when he saw me he passed by on the other side. In like manner a Levite also, when he came to

16 THE RULES OF THE GAME

the place and saw me, passed by on the other side; but this good Samaritan, as he journeyed came to where I was lying. When he saw me he was moved with compassion, and came to me and bound up my wounds, pouring on oil and wine. And he set me on his own beast and brought me to an inn and took care of me. And on the morrow he took out two pence and gave them to the host and said 'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.' "

Then turning to the Good Samaritan the nobleman said, "Friend, come; thou didst me a good turn, I would that I could repay thee." He led the Good Samaritan to the gate of the city, bestowed upon him presents for each of his family, and then said to him: "Go in peace. The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee! The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace!"

STUDY TOPICS:

1. Read the story of the good Samaritan (Luke 10. 30-37).
2. In your notebook, draw a map showing the location of Jerusalem and Jericho, and mark the probable road between the two.
3. Commit to memory the blessing used in the story by the Good Samaritan and the man he rescued. The Bible does not tell us

that they actually spoke these words, but we may imagine they did, for this form of blessing was common among the Hebrews. Read Numbers 6. 22-26.

4. Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls are expected to do "good turns." Probably none will have a chance to rescue victims of robbers, but there are many other ways of being "neighbor" to those about us. Make in your notebook a list of neighborly acts which you have had a chance to do this week. Have you missed doing a "good turn" when the opportunity offered?
5. Review The Scout (or Camp Fire) Law and the Ten Commandments.

LESSON III

WHEN DAVID SAVED THE DAY

A FLOCK of sheep were ba-ba-ing behind the gate of their fold waiting impatiently in the hazy dawn to be led to their favorite feeding grounds beyond the village of Bethlehem. Down the narrow street straight to the sheepfold came their young shepherd master.

But David's mind this morning was not on his sheep. He hardly noticed them as he opened the gate and let them flock past him. Instead of thinking of grass-covered meadows David was picturing a battlefield where thousands of mighty warriors were struggling. He saw the glitter of swords and spears and heard the shouts of conflict. Wounded men passed by, and some had been killed.

Nor was the battle picture which occupied David's mind an idle dream. For even now such a battle was about to begin, if, indeed, it was not already in progress. The hated Philistines, the ancient enemy of David's nation, had crossed the border and were pillaging and burning the countryside. King Saul, the beloved leader of the Israelites, was gathering the warriors of Israel to his banner to oppose the Philistines.

The order for mobilization had reached Beth-

lehem, David's home town. Heralds had only the day before passed through giving the king's command, and David had seen his three older brothers prepare for the journey to the battle front. David was the youngest of Jesse's eight boys and not old enough to go to war. He must stay at home and herd the sheep while his brothers went forth to meet the foe.

David was much more interested in fighting the Philistines than in caring for sheep. The fact is that David was much disappointed in being left at home. He was rather bitter as he said to himself, "Why could I not have been born a few years earlier so that I might go with my brothers and do something worth while?"

The family had risen early on this morning, for the soldier-brothers must be on their way. Other soldiers were going from the village, and all was bustle and confusion. The clang of arms woke strange echoes among the peaceful sheepfolds of Bethlehem. At last the farewells had all been said, the blessings given, and the fighters were off. David had followed down the road keeping step with the heroes of his town. O, if he were only larger! Even now he felt that he might be of some service around the camp.

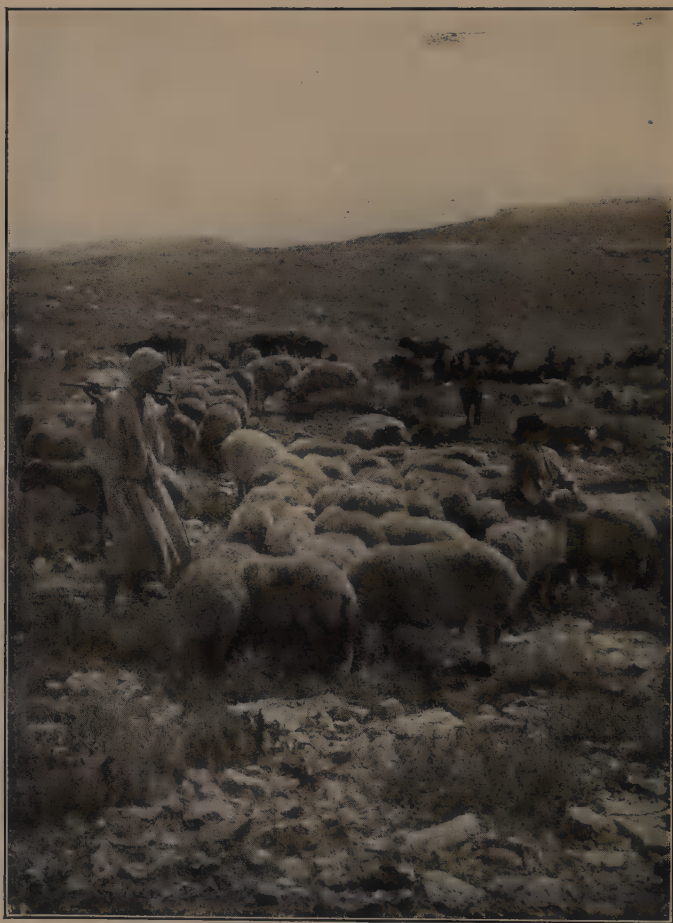
David had been so interested in the soldiers as they marched down the street that he had not noticed his father, who had also come out to the edge of the village with his departing sons. He felt a kindly hand rest on his shoulder and heard

his father's voice say, "David, my son, is it not time now that you were getting your sheep out to pasture?"

So David had reluctantly turned back and had gone with lagging step to the sheepfold, where he found the hungry sheep ba-ba-ing to be taken to pasture. No wonder he was absent-minded as he unlatched the door of the fold and let them out. As they started from the fold a little lamb frolicked along beside him, and David swept the woolly creature up into the crook of his strong arm. The other sheep trotted along snatching a bite here and there, but making swiftly for their feeding grounds at the edge of the mountain.

Finally they reached the spot where grass grew abundantly. The sheep spread out over the peaceful valley. David sat down on the grass. His eye wandered to the rugged hills tinted with purple and green. He saw the Dead Sea in the distance. High above him soared an eagle. David wondered whether the eagle might be planning to swoop down and snatch up a lamb in its talons, so he made ready his trusty sling with which he had learned to shoot a round stone very straight and swift.

Just at this moment came a sound which frightened the sheep and which made David forget both the eagle and the battle with the Philistines. It was the roar of a mountain lion. The lion had more than once before attacked the



WHERE DAVID WATCHED HIS FLOCKS

sheep, and had on one occasion dashed out into the flock, caught a young lamb and made off with it before David could do anything to prevent it. It was then that he had determined to learn to use his sling as a weapon with which to protect his sheep. Day after day he had practiced shooting the small round stones that lay in the bed of the stream. Day by day his aim became more sure and his arm more strong, until he could send a stone with almost the speed and accuracy of a rifle ball as he aimed at a tree by the mountain-side.

So now when David heard the roar of the mountain lion he did not fear. He knew what he had to do. He had to sling a stone straight and true if he would stop the lion and save his sheep. Before David could cover half the distance to the edge of the hill where his frightened sheep were huddled, he saw a crouching form spring out from the rocks and charge the flock. The lion snatched a beautiful mother sheep and turned to carry it off. Like a flash David paused and slipped a stone into his sling. The sling whirled about his head and—*bzzt*, the stone sped for the lion just as it turned with its prey. The round stone crashed into the side of the lion's head, and it fell in its tracks.

The days following the departure of the brothers came and went. Each day David took his sheep to the pasture at the mountainside. He still thought longingly of the adventures he was

missing, but he did not forget his sheep nor fail to practice with his sling.

In the meantime no news had come from his brothers, and the parents were becoming anxious. One morning several weeks after their departure David's father surprised him by saying, "David, your mother and I are anxious about your brothers. We want you to carry this bread and cheese to them with our blessing, and bring us back news from them."

David needed no second urging. He was quickly ready and, with a trusted servant, was soon speeding toward the field of battle as fast as a fleet pony could carry him. From every hill-top David peered to see whether he could catch a first glimpse of the camp.

At last from the top of a hill he could see the camps and the field of battle. Before him lay a wide valley stretched between two ranges of high hills. Along the slope on the far side of the valley was spread the vast Philistine camp, with its seemingly numberless array of tents reaching back into the purple haze of the foothills. Banners, pennants, and streamers fluttered from a thousand standards. Armor and weapons gleamed in the sunlight. It was a splendid sight!

On the nearer slope David could see the tents of the Israelites, his countrymen. In the center, larger and more richly decked than the others, stood the royal tent of King Saul. In order

leading out from the king's tent were assembled the armies of the different tribes of Israel, each with its banners.

Even as David stood on the hilltop taking in the scene the hosts of the Philistines were gathering in battle array. David did not yet know of the great giant Goliath, who for forty days had defied the armies of Israel, causing them to quake with fear, afraid to fight.

David paused only long enough to make sure where to go. Hurrying down the hill he quickly found the standard of his own tribe, and reached his brothers' tent.

At that moment came a deep, heavy voice, clear and distinct from across the valley: "*Choose you a man and let him come down to me!*" It was the Philistine giant, Goliath, daring the Israelites to send the strongest of their men to meet him in a hand-to-hand fight to decide which side should be victor.

When the echoes had died away a great silence reigned. No one answered. No one offered. Every face was blanched and every heart quaking with fear. All were afraid of the powerful giant with his great sword and spear.

Again came the voice across the valley in a clear, ringing challenge, "*Choose you a man and let him come down to me!*"

David looked about him. He began to gather the meaning of it all. The Philistine giant had the whole Israelite army in a panic. None dared

to meet him. None would risk his life for the honor of his people.

Once again the insolent challenge rang across the valley, "*Choose you a man and let him come down to me!*" David could stand it no longer. Some one must meet this giant and save the honor of the Israelite army. In clear, ringing tones he cried out, "I will go and fight with this Philistine!"

The astonished soldiers led David at once to King Saul. When the king looked upon the youthful David he said, "You are not able to go against this Philistine; you are but a youth, and he is a man of war."

Then David told the king how he had slain the wild animals that attacked his sheep. Saul at last decided to let David make the attempt, and offered him the king's own armor to wear. He tried on the armor, but found it too heavy, so he took it off.

Then he slipped out of the king's tent and ran down to the stream near by, where he picked up five smooth stones for his faithful sling. He knelt by the brook and raised his heart in prayer, "O God, help me defeat this Philistine and save our promised land!"

Just as he arose he heard again the challenge come across the valley: "*Choose you a man and let him come down to me!*"

David knew the time had come for the test. He was not afraid. His heart was singing, his

head was clear, and his hand was steady. He strode boldly down the hill toward the Philistine giant. Both armies looked on in wonder. The giant could not believe his eyes. For forty days he had dared the Israelites to send their strongest man against him, and now he saw approaching him a mere youth, a boy! No wonder the giant laughed aloud. No wonder he called out in derision to David: "Come on! Come to me, and I will feed your flesh to the fowls!"

As David neared his antagonist he quickened his pace. He ran. The Philistine was now striding forward. He was making his spear ready for a throw. Suddenly David stopped. He slipped a stone into his sling, whirled it about his head and let it go—*bzzt* went the stone straight at the giant. It struck him in the forehead, crushing in the skull. Goliath tottered, stumbled, fell—he was dead. The rest of the Philistines fled when they saw their leader killed. David had saved the honor of his people.

He knelt down on the grass and said a prayer of thankfulness to God for his help and protection. As he walked back to the camp he patted his old sling as he said to himself, "I'm glad I stayed on my job with the sheep, for being faithful there has made me ready for this great day."

STUDY TOPICS:

1. Read the Bible story of David and Goliath (1 Samuel 17. 12-50).

26 THE RULES OF THE GAME

2. It is probable, though not certain, that David's sling was made by attaching two strings several feet long to a piece of leather large enough to hold the shot or stone. One string was released as the sling was whirled rapidly about the head, thus freeing the shot. Some day, when you are out on a hike, try making and using such a sling.
3. Locate on the map, Palestine; the village of Bethlehem; the Dead Sea; the place called Socoh, where the Israelite and the Philistine armies met.
4. David found that the best way to prepare for great deeds in the future was to do well his daily task of the present. How does this apply to boys and girls of to-day? Do you think that those who drop out of school too early are likely some day to miss a desirable opportunity because they are not prepared?
5. Using your notebook, tell in a paragraph of fifty or one hundred words what lessons are to be learned from the story of David. Goliath boasted: David prayed for help.
6. Try writing in your notebook from memory the Ten Commandments; The Scout (or Camp Fire) Law. If you cannot do this, study them more.

LESSON IV

DAVID WINS THROUGH GENEROSITY

DAVID's victory over Goliath turned the tide. The Philistines were defeated, and King Saul's army despoiled their camp and pursued them to their borders.

When Saul led his army proudly back through his home cities, David rode at his right hand, for Saul had shown great honor to David, and had given him command over a part of his army. He had also made him counselor at the king's court.

The soldiers and all the people loved and admired the youthful leader for his bravery and wisdom. In every place crowds welcomed the victorious home-coming army. The women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing to meet King Saul, with timbrels, and with instruments of music. Some in the crowd were crying, "Long live King Saul!" But others were shouting, "Hail, David, son of Jesse!"

Saul was angered by the high honors given David by the people. Why should they praise any but the king! While King Saul was thinking on these things and while his heart was filled

with jealous anger against David, there came a procession of maidens strewing flowers in the way and singing. But they were scattering their flowers before David! And, listen, they were chanting,

“Saul hath slain his thousands,
And David his tens of thousands.”

At this praise of David the king forgot his victories; he forgot the plaudits of the multitude; he even forgot what he owed to David, and the friendship he had felt for him. He only remembered that the people had honored and praised David equally with himself. Perhaps they wanted David for their next king! Saul was very wroth, and he said, “They have ascribed unto David tens of thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom?” And from that day the jealous king determined to have David’s life.

Soon after this occasion David was commanded to come to the court and play his harp for the king, as it was his custom to do. Saul sat with his spear in his hand, but he was not listening to the music. He was plotting how he might best rid himself of David, whom he feared the people had come to honor above himself. Suddenly Saul rose to his feet and hurled his spear at David; for he had said, “I will pin him to the wall.” But David saw the motion and

stepped aside just in time and the head of the spear imbedded itself in the wall.

David, now fearing for his life, fled from the court and escaped southward from the city into the wilderness. Soon there began to assemble about him many soldiers who had followed him in battle, and in a short time he had a trusty band of six hundred men.

King Saul learned about David's hiding place and, gathering an army of three thousand picked soldiers, marched against him. Spies told Saul of the location of David's camp. The king's soldiers quickly surrounded the spot and closed in on the camp only to find it empty. David and his men had escaped. Saul, angry that he had been outwitted by the young leader, vowed vengeance upon him, and again took up the pursuit.

When night approached Saul commanded his favorite general, Abner, to make camp. The wagons were drawn up, the tents pitched, and the soldiers made themselves comfortable. On the morrow they would take up the pursuit of David and his little army.

A short distance away were David and his brave band of soldiers. David's spies had learned of every movement of Saul's army and quickly informed David of their enemy's camping place for the night.

"Let us go out against them," cried the soldiers. "We defeated the Philistines, and we can put Saul and his army to flight."

"Let no man stir from his place," commanded David, firmly. The soldiers were disappointed, but they obeyed their leader.

When darkness had fallen, David said to his trusty captains, "Who will go down with me to Saul to the camp?" and Abishai said, "I will go down with thee."

So they left the camp in charge of Ahimelech while David and Abishai set out upon their perilous mission. David's plan was to see Saul's camp for himself, perhaps even to enter it, though to be captured would mean certain death. The two soldiers proceeded with great caution as they approached the camp of the king. They were so careful that not a twig snapped as they drew nearer and nearer to Saul's sleeping army. Soon they were making their way through the lines of sleeping men. One false step and they would be discovered. But so cautious and so skillful were their movements that they crept forward until they were at the very center of the camp and at the side of the sleeping king.

Abishai gripped his spear. One thrust would be sufficient to end the life of their persecutor. "God hath delivered the enemy into thine hand. Now, therefore, let me smite him," whispered Abishai.

But David's strong hand restrained the arm of the captain. "Destroy him not," commanded David.

"But he came to kill thee," insisted Abishai.

For a moment David stood looking down at the face of the sleeping king, who was now completely in his power. But the generous-hearted leader refused to harm his enemy. "The Lord forbid that I should stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed," said David. "But take thou his spear, and the cruse of water that stands at his head. These we will carry away with us."

So Abishai took King Saul's spear and the cruse of water and carefully they made their way out of the hostile camp. When they had reached the top of a hill a little way off David turned to his captain and said, "Let us now awaken the camp," and together they shouted, "Abner! O Abner!"

There was a sudden stir in the sleeping camp and then a voice answered, "Who art thou that criest to the king?"

David taunted Abner, "Art not thou a valiant man, and who is like unto thee in Israel? Wherefore hast thou not kept watch over thy lord the king? See now where the king's spear is, and cruse of water that was at his head."

King Saul had awakened, and he knew David's voice. "Is that thy voice, my son David?" he called.

"It is my voice, my lord and king," David replied. "Wherefore doth my lord pursue after his servant for what I have done or what evil is in mine hand? Behold the spear, O King!

32 THE RULES OF THE GAME

The Lord delivered thee unto my hand to-day and I would not put forth my hand against the Lord's anointed."

When King Saul knew that David had thus spared his life he repented and said, "I have sinned. Return, my son David, for I will no more do thee harm, because my life was precious in thine eyes this day. Blessed be thou, my son David. Thou shalt both do mightily, and shalt surely prevail."

So Saul was reconciled to David, and David went his way in safety and peace.

STUDY TOPICS:

1. Read the Bible account of the incident of David in Saul's camp found in 1 Samuel 26. 2-25.
2. What do you think was David's reason for wanting to enter Saul's camp? Why did he wish to carry away the king's spear and water cruse.
3. What caused King Saul to turn against David? Have you ever known anyone who wanted all the honors for himself and was jealous of a comrade who received praise? How does a person of jealous disposition stand with his associates?
4. What evidence does the story give that David was brave? What evidence that he was generous? It has been said that

true courage and generosity usually go together. Tell what you think about this.

5. Test your memory by writing in your notebook, the benediction given in the Good Samaritan lesson. Also write the Ten Commandments.

LESSON V

MOC'S COALS OF FIRE

WHERE the mighty "Gitche Gumee" narrows down into Saint Mary's river is located the Indian Reserve of the Chippewas. The rough, weather-stained log huts of the village lie straggling along the sand dunes, which are backed up by the dark and gloomy pine trees and the towering bluff of Mission Hill, while bright before them beats the clear and sparkling water that stretches away to the purpling mountains on the Canadian shore.

Here with his father and mother lived the Indian boy, Moc, fourteen years old, one of the brightest scholars in the mission school and by far the best trapper for his age on the Reservation.

No house in the village on this early April morning had awakened from its drowsy slumber when Moc stepped forth from his cabin door. Moc had two ambitions: one was to be a good Indian, a worthy member of the Chippewa tribe, of which he was very proud; the other was to earn enough money to buy his invalid mother a present for her birthday.

"A good Indian is strong," said Moc, taking a deep breath of the crisp morning air. Then

snatching up a trap and his axe, he sped away up the sandy beach toward a trap he had set the day before in a particularly promising place.

"I'll have that fox this morning, sure," he joyously cried as he broke into his rapid dog-trot. "Its skin will be worth several dollars—enough with what I have saved to buy mother's birthday present." And then Moc pictured how he would take a bright new blanket home that very afternoon, and her joy in receiving it.

Soon he struck off from the beach and entered the tall wood, slipping silently through the underbrush, his eyes and ears alert for signs of game for his trap. But first he must learn whether he had caught his fox. Quickly he found his way to the fallen tree where he had discovered the fox's hole; breathlessly he approached the upturned root where he had set his trap, hoping to see the silver-gray fur of his captive.

As Moc peered over the trunk of the tree, his dusky face paled and his breath came quick. *The trap was gone*; not a sign of it remained!

For a moment the young trapper stood tense and puzzled. Something had surely been in the trap, for the ground about was much torn up. It was not likely that a fox could pull the trap loose, for he had fastened it very securely to the tree.

Suddenly he sprang over the root and was on his knees on the earth. Before him in the soft sand was the print of a man's shoe. Moc ex-

amined it carefully, and then a look of enlightenment came over his face. The print showed the mark of a peculiar heel plate. No one in the village wore that sort of a heel plate, save Cohan, the white storekeeper, whom all distrusted. The case was clear; this man had found his trap with the fox in it and had carried both off.

Moc rose to his feet his eyes burning with anger and resentment. Indians did not rob each other's traps. He looked away to Mission Hill, where his ancestors were buried, and, striking himself on the breast three times, exclaimed, "A good Indian never forgets!"

Just then a strange thing happened. A voice, as clear as day, seemed to say, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Moc swung around to see who had spoken. Only the pine branches were rustling in the breeze; no one was there. Then he remembered that these words were in the lesson in the mission school a few days before.

At that moment Moc did not care to listen to the voice which told him to forgive his enemy and to heap coals of fire on his head by returning good for evil. He much preferred his own motto, "A good Indian never forgets," for his heart was hot with anger and revenge. Yet he could not get the words the voice had spoken out of his mind.

After fastening his remaining trap at a prom-

ising place near by, Moc hurried home to be in time for school. When he had eaten his breakfast his mother said to him, "Moc, I wish you would go down to the store and buy me some tea."

As he entered the store he met Cohan face to face. Moc stopped, and, looking the man who had wronged him squarely in the eyes, said, "Remember, an Indian never forgets."

The thieving trader only smiled knowingly and inquired, "What can I do for you, half-breed?" With difficulty Moc restrained his anger. Surely he would make this wretch pay richly for stealing his trap and insulting him. He would watch his chance for revenge. He would be a good Indian and an honor to his tribe. He would show the thief that a good Indian never forgets.

Just at this instant Moc again heard the voice. This time it said, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And Moc could not get the words the voice had spoken out of his mind.

Late that afternoon Moc hurried down to the beach. The strong wind had suddenly shifted to the northwest, and a high sea was running. He was anxious about his father's nets which had been left in his charge while the father had gone with the other men of the village to work in the wood pulp at Sheldrake. It sometimes had happened that the waves had torn the nets loose from

38 THE RULES OF THE GAME

the stakes and destròyed them. Moc thought of taking the boat and going out to bring the nets in, but the surf was running too high to attempt it.

Suddenly he heard above the noise of the wind and waves a scream. Looking down the beach he saw an excited group of women collected. As Moc dashed toward them he saw in their center Mrs. Cohan, hysterically wringing her hands and crying.

It seemed that old Cohan had set some nets out about a mile in the river. When the wind arose he had become worried lest he should lose them and put out to bring them in regardless of the danger. His wife had watched him from the store window as he worked his way farther and farther out until he had reached the nets. But when he tried to pull them in the boat capsized, and they could now see a dark figure clinging to its side. It was only a matter of a little time until his strength would give out and he would go down.

All the young men of the village were away. Only the old men remained. The storm had increased until even the best boatman would undertake the rescue only at the risk of his life. The group stood on the shore staring helplessly at the overturned boat and the black object clinging to its side.

Then suddenly some one gave a cry and pointed a little distance up the lake where a lone

figure was pushing a small boat out from the shore into the surf. It was Moc. He had taken in the situation at a glance and seen that there was but one way to save the unfortunate man. That was to drive straight out against the waves until the right point had been reached and then run down with the wind until he came to the upturned boat.

The figures on the shore all but forgot Cohan as they breathlessly watched the boy fight his way forward. Time and again it seemed to the anxious watchers that the boat had foundered. At length they observed that Moc had turned and was running with the wind. Dusk was coming on and they could no longer see the capsized boat. None knew whether Cohan was yet there or whether Moc would be able to pull him in if he reached him. They could only wait and hope. Some began to pray.

Moc had tried to keep the wrecked boat in sight. Full well he knew the risk, yet he felt no fear. He only knew that there was a man in danger whom he must risk his life to save if he would be a good Indian. After an endless time he could get a clear view of the other boat, and could see the dark speck still clinging to it. He redoubled his efforts, and worked his boat alongside until he was able to grasp the drowning man and drag him in. Then he turned for the long hard battle to reach the shore on which a signal light was now burning.

An hour later willing hands drew the little boat far up on the beach. Its two exhausted passengers were carried to a nearby house and tenderly cared for.

Moc's strength soon returned, and his first thought was to hurry home to his mother, who would be worried about him. As he was about to leave the house he stopped to look for a moment upon the unconscious face of the man he had rescued. At that moment Cohan opened his eyes. While his gaze rested upon Moc his memory returned to him.

"Why did you risk your life to save the man who had wronged you?" he asked.

"Because I wanted to be a good Indian," answered Moc, "and a good Indian returns good for evil. I have had my revenge."

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

1. Do you think that one may show his courage more by overlooking an injustice than by taking revenge for it?
2. Read what Paul says in Romans 12. 17-21 about overcoming evil with good.
3. Did you ever try to square an account with some one who had wronged you by "heaping coals of fire on his head"?
4. Sometimes the greatest victory one can have is in controlling himself when he is angry instead of punishing one who had imposed upon him. This is what Jesus meant

when he said, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain." Read about this in Matthew 5. 38-41.

5. Look up Proverbs 16. 32. Explain what it means and commit it to memory.
6. Where in the Bible is found the command how to treat our enemies which Moc heard the "voice" speak? Copy this in your notebook.

LESSON VI

THE MAN WHO WAS TRUE TO HIMSELF

It was evening, and the sun, a ball of fire, was just touching the horizon as a solitary traveler entered the pleasant little French village of Degne. The man, whose name was Jean Valjean, and who was of middle age, was travel-stained and weary. A heavy black beard covered his face and gave him a rather ferocious appearance. His stern expression and glowing eyes made one feel that he was a man to be feared, and a sudden glance which he cast now and then over his shoulder gave the impression that he was expecting pursuit.

The wayfarer made his way into a tavern and asked for lodging. When they saw his yellow passport and knew that he was an ex-convict, they said "Begone." Going to another inn, he received the same answer to his request. He stopped at a prosperous-looking home and asked for food. The man of the house glared at him a moment, then snatching up his gun, said, "Go."

At length, after wandering about the streets for hours, the weary man was directed to the home of the Bishop. He was becoming desperate from hunger and exhaustion. As he stalked

through the door of the Bishop's home, without waiting for an invitation, he threateningly demanded, "Give me food and a night's lodging!" There was a fierce note in his voice and a sinister look in his eye that meant little good to anyone who would refuse him what he asked.

"Sit down and warm yourself," said the Bishop, kindly, making ready a chair. "Supper is now prepared and you will eat with us."

Jean Valjean sat up at the table covered with white linen and set with shining silver. Never before in his life had he eaten at such an elegant table. He was dazed that the Bishop was speaking kindly to him. He was astounded that he was being treated as a human being. It seemed a dream from which he would surely awaken to find a ball and chain attached to his foot.

As Jean Valjean hungrily devoured his food a picture flashed before his mind. He saw the humble home of his sister as it had stood almost a score of years ago. There was no food, and six small children were bitterly crying for bread. He saw himself as he vainly searched for work that he might earn enough to keep the little brood from starving. Then one night he passed the baker's window. He had thrust his hand through the glass and taken a loaf of bread for the hungry children.

The next day he was caught and brought to trial. For this misdeed he was sentenced to five

years as a galley slave. He had tried to escape, and four years were added to his sentence. Again and again he made the attempt, but each time he was captured and given a longer term. Nineteen years he had passed on the galley ship with the iron collar riveted about his neck. During all those years no one had ever spoken to him in kindness nor done him friendly service. And now the Bishop was treating him like an honored guest!

After supper Jean Valjean was shown to a bed adjoining the Bishop's room.

"What, man, you let me sleep by you? Do you not know that I might kill you!"

"That is between you and God," replied the Bishop with a quiet smile.

Jean Valjean slept but poorly. As the clock in the town struck twelve he started up in fear, dreaming that he was pursued by officers of the law. Then he remembered where he was. The old spirit of revenge against men for the wrongs he had suffered killed all gratitude in his heart. Stealthily he arose from his bed, grasped a heavy cudgel which he used as a staff, and crept toward the Bishop's chamber. The creak of the floor caused his heart to pound with terror. Finally he reached the door and looked in.

The moonlight flooded in through the open window and made a halo about the head of the noble Bishop as he lay in quiet slumber. Jean Valjean gazed at the peaceful sleeper for a single

moment. Then snatching up the silverware lying near, he leaped through the window and fled into the night.

The next morning five soldiers led the trembling convict back to the Bishop's home. After dismissing the soldiers the Bishop walked up to the criminal and, stretching forth his hand in benediction, said, "Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil but to good. I have bought your soul for you. I withdrew it from black thoughts and the spirit of hate and gave it to God."

Then the Bishop took his hand and said, "Never forget you have promised me you will become an honest man." Without a word Jean Valjean turned and left.

Ten years slipped away. Though the officers of the law were still hunting for him, no one knew of Jean Valjean, the escaped criminal. But everyone loved Mayor Madeleine, the generous friend of the people. In the thriving little city he had set up his busy factories. Every day he was bringing added comforts to the countryside. The work of his factories bought food and clothing for the many needy children. Hospitals cared for the sick. The Mayor's own purse helped the helpless. Prosperous, happy, and contented was the Mayor who found his chief joy in serving others.

Often as the Mayor sat in his home in the evening, his thoughts went back to a day when

a certain good Bishop had prayed for him and had said, "You no longer belong to evil, but to good." For Mayor Madeleine was the old Jean Valjean, the escaped convict, now the honored citizen and mayor of his town. And still the officers of the law were seeking for the escaped Jean Valjean to send him back to the galley boat for life.

Then came a day that was to test Mayor Madeleine's manhood to the very depths. He learned that in the city of Arras a vagabond who the officers thought was Jean Valjean had been arrested and was on trial as the man who had escaped from the galley boat ten years before and disappeared.

When he first heard the news of the arrest and trial, a feeling of joy had swept over him. If this man was convicted, then no longer would they seek for Jean Valjean. They would send this vagabond to the galley boat, thinking him to be the real Jean Valjean, and Mayor Madeleine would be safe.

But out of the depths of his heart spoke a voice clear and distinct. "Jean Valjean, can you allow another man to suffer in your place?" No! Mayor Madeleine could not do such a thing as this. He would give himself up.

Then came the thought: "But what of the factories? Think of the people who are dependent on me for their daily bread. Think of the little children and the aged. Have I not a responsibil-

ity to them? Would it not be better to let the other man take my punishment?"

But the voice came clearly in his heart: "Jean Valjean, you coward! Can you send another to the galleys for your crime! You may deceive others but you cannot deceive yourself!"

Jean Valjean hesitated no longer. With calm courage he answered, "The right, always. I must surrender myself to the officers."

At four o'clock the next morning Jean Valjean was on his way to Arras. At eight o'clock that night he reached the city, and immediately inquired his way to the place where the trial was being held. The courtroom was crowded. Judge and jury were weary with the persistence of the prisoner, who repeated over and over that he was not Jean Valjean. No one believed him. All thought that he was the escaped convict from the galley boats.

The judge rose to address the jury, who would then quickly decide that the prisoner was the Jean Valjean who had for ten years been hunted for far and wide. Following the verdict of the jury, the judge would pronounce a sentence on the unfortunate man which would make him a prisoner for the rest of his life.

Just as the judge was starting to speak a side door opened and the real Jean Valjean came in. Quickly he found his way to the front where he stood before the judge. In a clear steady voice he said: "Let the prisoner go. *I am Jean Val-*

jean!" He had offered himself as a prisoner to be sent back to the galley boat, but he had obeyed the "rules of the game"; he had been true to himself.

(Adapted from the story of *Les Misérables*, by Victor Hugo.)

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

1. From the cyclopedia learn about the galley boats to which prisoners were sent in former days.
2. Do you think that the fact that Jean Valjean had taken the bread for starving children and not for himself should have made a difference in his punishment?
3. Do you not admire Jean Valjean for being brave enough to offer himself for unjust punishment rather than allow another person to suffer for him? Would he have been satisfied or happy if the other man had been sent to prison? Would he have been true to the "rules of the game"?
4. Suppose you have done something wrong, but find that some one else is accused of having committed the wrong act. What should you do? Have you ever known anyone to allow another to take punishment which he himself should have received? What do you think of such a person?
5. Tell the story of Jean Valjean to your

father and mother and talk over with them
the lesson it teaches.

6. Learn this from Shakespeare:

“To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

CHAPTER VII

THE HERO OF LABRADOR

At the door of the hospital stood a team of Eskimo dogs. They had finished their supper of whale meat and were tugging at the traces eager to be gone. The light sledge *Lend a Hand* was packed for a long trip. Many miles away over the bleak Labrador coast a priest was lying ill and had called for help. Dr. Grenfell gathered his medicine kit together and donned his huge fur coat. He was about to loosen the team and start off when another sledge dashed up and a man sprang forward.

"Doctor, our little John has broken his leg. Can you come over and help him?" Of course the kind-hearted doctor would come! He would first set the broken leg and then go to the sick priest. So, turning his dogs about, he started back with the father. The night grew dark and the air was bitter cold. A storm was brewing and seemed about to break. The dogs plunged on and on through the drifting snow and over boulders of ice. Hours passed and, late in the night, they arrived at the home of the injured lad.

It was a barren little hut at which they stopped. There was almost no furniture. A

small stove sent out but insufficient heat. Only the barest necessities were to be found in the home, for the Labrador fishermen have a hard time to make a living for themselves and their families. On a crude cot lay the little lad bravely struggling to keep back the cry of pain, while his mother comforted him.

The big-hearted doctor was out of his coat in an instant and at work. He ripped up a board from the floor of the cabin, scraping off the frost and ice, and quickly set about to make some splints. Soon little John was sleeping quietly with the broken leg set and ready to mend.

Throwing himself on the floor, the weary doctor took a few hours of sleep. As the sun peeped over the horizon he harnessed his dogs and was away. Many miles distant lay the sick priest; and he must reach him as quickly as possible.

Hardly had the dogs broken into their fast trot when the threatened storm broke. The snow fell faster, and the wind drove it into huge drifts. The dogs toiled on through the blinding storm until they could scarce go further. Late in the afternoon, as they were wearily following the poles which marked the trail, the doctor saw a solitary figure standing in the snow ahead of them. The man had for several hours been waiting for the doctor, who he knew had passed along the trail. He told of a boy who had been accidentally shot. Would the doctor come?

Once again the little cavalcade broke off the

trail and the party made their way along the wooded hillside to another rude hut. Ragged, hungry-looking children were standing looking at their wounded brother, who was dying. The doctor did all he could to relieve the sufferer and at once set out again on his journey.

The snow had become so deep that the way was almost impassable. At the next house they stopped for the night. In the morning the host had to dig his way out through the roof before he could shovel a path from the door. Again Dr. Grenfell was on his way to the sick priest, whose bedside he finally reached.

The busy day through which we have followed Dr. Grenfell was not an unusual one for him. Scores upon scores of days had been as busy and eventful since he had come to Labrador a number of years before. Numberless storms had he faced and countless hardships endured with his faithful dog team as he went up and down the coast on his errands of healing and mercy.

As a boy Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell had lived on the coast in far-away England. There he loved to play among the cliffs and watch the fishermen as they put to sea. As he grew up he wished to make people more happy and decided to become a doctor. He went to London, and there prepared himself for his life of helpfulness. Then he heard of the fishermen of the North Sea who had no doctor to help them in time of

sickness or accident. Gladly he volunteered to go to them. He learned to love these simple, brave fishermen, who spent most of their lives in their boats. Not only did he try to heal their bodies, but he told them of the Christ, and how he would have them live.

While in the North Sea Dr. Grenfell learned of the poor fisher folk along the barren coast of Labrador. Here there was three thousand miles of coast line dotted with settlements, and not a single doctor to help them in their fight against disease and poverty. The warm-hearted doctor decided to go and live among them and do what he could for them.

And he found plenty to do. Many of the people were extremely poor. They depended entirely on their catch of fish for food through the long winters. If the season was poor, they must go hungry. In fact, many people froze to death or died of starvation every year. There were no roads in this country, no telephones, no villages, no schools, no one to care for these helpless folk.

So Dr. Grenfell's boat plies up and down the coast in the summertime, stopping here and there whenever signaled. And in the long, severe winter months, the sledge *Lend a Hand* flies over the steep hillsides and along the frozen trails on its errand of mercy.

The doctor had not been among the Labrador people long when he saw the need of a hospital.

54 THE RULES OF THE GAME

With the help of the men he cut the trees and dragged them from the forest. These were built into a small hospital. Later, he went about in the United States and England, telling many persons of the great need in this country. Money was contributed, until now Dr. Grenfell has a large, well-equipped home for the sick.

Only a man of courage could do what Dr. Grenfell has accomplished. Many times he runs great risk. One Easter Sunday he was making a call sixty miles to the southwest. A deep bay stretched far back into the rocky coast. To follow around the shore line would mean many miles extra and time lost in reaching his patient. He decided to cross on the ice. The wind had broken up the ice and set the large pans to floating free. Only a thin "sish" ice was formed over the top.

As he was nearing the farther side, the wind suddenly turned off shore and the cakes began to break up and drift out to sea. Cutting the dogs free from the sledge, they made a dash for a larger pan of ice twenty feet away. The doctor lost his cap, coat, and gloves. The biting cold air pierced through his water-soaked garments like a knife, and the night was coming on. He realized that he would freeze unless he had a better protection. There was but one thing to do if he would save his own life, and that was to kill some of the dogs. Choosing three of the eight, he killed them, removed their skins and wrapped himself in the warm coat of fur. With

the bones he fashioned a flag pole. The next day, though far out at sea, he spent much of his time waving his signal of distress.

Fortunately the signal had been seen the day before by people on the shore, though they were unable to launch a boat because of the storm. With the coming of the next day, however, a number of the men volunteered for this hazardous task. Forcing their boat through the ice floes, they finally reached their exhausted friend. It was fortunate they came when they did, for his hands and feet were already frozen and he would soon have died from exposure.

A cheer of triumph arose as the plucky fishermen returned with their beloved doctor dressed in his blanket of dog skins. They were happy that his life had been saved. Placing him on a sledge, they rushed him away to the hospital, where, in time, he was well again and ready to go about his work for others.

Dr. Grenfell is never satisfied with what he has accomplished for his people. He has tried many plans to make their lives more happy. One was the reindeer experiment. The country is overrun with a moss upon which the reindeer feeds. These faithful animals are splendid horses to carry burdens over the drifting snows of winter. Their flesh makes a fine food and the skin is valuable for clothing. Knowing this, Dr. Grenfell sent to far away Lapland and purchased a number of reindeer and brought Lap-

land keepers to care for them. Now they are growing in large herds which bring happiness to the people of Labrador.

One of the doctor's sources of joy is to tell the Christmas story to these people who knew but little of God. He found that many of the children did not even know of the Christ-child. None had ever seen a Christmas tree nor brought the stocking for Santa Claus to fill. So at the settlement of Saint Anthony the doctor planned a Christmas celebration. Everyone entered into the spirit of it. A beautiful tree was set up in the hospital, and then they waited for the time when Santa should arrive. At just the right moment a sleigh appeared filled with mysterious packages and bundles. Shouts of joy came from the children as a great furry Santa Claus and his wife distributed gifts. Little girls held dolls in their arms for the first time in their lives. Everyone received a present, and all went home happy from their first Christmas celebration.

Thus the busy doctor spends his days in far-off Labrador. He has brought health to many who were sick. He has founded schools and libraries. He finds profitable employment for many workers. He distributes clothing and food to little people who are hungry and cold. He has made the homes of the people of that barren coast much brighter and happier for his life among them. Like the Christ whom he serves, he finds his great joy in helping others.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

1. What "rules of the game" do you think Dr. Grenfell is especially following in his work for the people of Labrador? What do you most admire about him?
2. Read Matthew 25. 34-45 and decide whether you think Jesus would approve what Dr. Grenfell is doing.
3. Though boys and girls cannot go to work for people in distant lands, are there ways in which they can help? Remember that it takes money to carry on such work. Sometimes also supplies are sent.
4. Do you know of any cases near your own home where there are persons needing help of some kind that boys and girls could give? Would this be showing the same spirit that Dr. Grenfell shows in his work?
5. Draw a map of Labrador in your notebooks showing the region where Dr. Grenfell works. Refer to the book Labrador, the Country and People, by W. T. Grenfell. Perhaps you will want to read this book, or The Labrador Doctor, by the same author. (They are usually found in public libraries.)

LESSON VIII

A HERO OF DISTANT SEAS

THE long, lazy waves of the Southern Pacific broke with their lap, lap on the sandy beach of the Island of Tanna in the far-off New Hebrides. About six o'clock on the evening of August 30, 1850, a small, heavily laden schooner approached the shore. From this boat were landed John G. Paton and his wife, who had come from Scotland to teach the savage natives of the New Hebrides the story of Jesus and to show them how to be Christians.

Soon their little mission station home was erected on the beach well back from the reach of the waves. The building was low and flat and plastered over with cement. The roof was thatched with dried grass, which projected over the edge like bushy eyebrows. The simple furnishings were soon in place, and Mr. and Mrs. Paton were ready to begin their work among the natives.

Almost incredibly savage and warlike were these islanders. Hardly had the missionaries become settled in their new home when a quarrel broke out between the hill tribes and those of the coast. A fight took place and the warriors from

the hills retreated, hotly pursued by hideously painted warriors from the lowlands. There was deadly combat, as was proclaimed by the reports of muskets and shrill cries and screams from the wounded. On the following morning the native boy who was to serve as cook for the Paton household returned from the spring much troubled and without the water for which he had been sent.

"Missi," (Master) he said, "this is a dark land. At the spring they have cooked and feasted upon those of the enemy they have slain. They have washed blood into the stream. All the waters are red. I cannot get water to make your tea."

This was not a very pleasant introduction to their work. Yet Mr. and Mrs. Paton did not waver. They determined to stay and win these people away from their horrible practices. Soon they found, however, that the fierce cannibals were not the only enemy with whom they had to deal. The steaming marshes along the coast were filled with malaria-bearing mosquitoes, and before the first year had passed, Mrs. Paton sickened of this dread disease and died, leaving her husband alone with his task.

Mr. Paton decided that he must learn the language of the cannibals so that he might the better teach them the story of the Bible. But he had no one to tell him the meaning of their words. At last, however, he mastered their

speech and could teach them of the true God in their own tongue.

When the medicine men of the tribe discovered that Mr. Paton was likely to win the friendship of their tribesmen, they decided to drive him from the island. Several weeks of drought came and injured the bananas and the yams. "See! This is the punishment brought upon us for listening to the missionary about his Jehovah God," they said.

Then for days the rain poured down in torrents and with it came sickness and the fever. "Behold!" cried the sacred medicine men; "the foreign God has brought this trouble upon us."

Soon came a fierce tropical hurricane that swept the island and destroyed many of the fruit trees. At this, the medicine men worked themselves and the people into a rage. "We must kill the missionaries. We must drive away this strange God who afflicts us with drought and disease and hurricanes," they said.

So tribal meetings were held. Naked savages danced about the council-fire making wild and exciting speeches. After many days they formed a plot to kill all the missionaries on the different islands of the New Hebrides group, burn their buildings, and be forever free from the white man and his strange God. But when the excitement was at its height, one of the most powerful chieftains in the council swung aloft his mighty war club and proclaimed in a loud voice:

"The man that kills the missionaries must first kill me. The man that kills the missionary teachers must first kill me and my people, for we shall stand by them and protect them till death!"

This brave speech turned the tide and the murderous attack did not at that time take place. Yet never was the life of Mr. Paton safe. Always there was plotting and treachery. When it was not actual danger it was annoyance. They stole the sheets and blankets which he had hung on a line. They carried off the chickens which he had just bought from them. They lost no opportunity to interfere with his work.

But a day of reckoning came. One morning the natives came rushing toward the missionary station in great fear, crying: "Missi, Missi, there is a god, or a ship of fire, or something of fear coming over the sea. We see no flame but it smokes like a volcano. Is it a spirit, a god, or a ship on fire? What is it? What is it?"

It proved to be a British man of war, and in a few minutes the ground around the station was littered with the things that had been stolen. The fear and superstition aroused by the strange sight of a steamship had brought about a sudden repentance among the savages and they returned what they had pilfered.

As time went on Mr. Paton gained many friends among the people of the island. He tried in every way to be kind to them and to help

them. He was never angered nor discouraged by their cruel treatment of him. He gave them medicine and cured them of disease. He taught them many things about their work. He instructed them in the teachings of the Bible, and led them to more peaceful and better ways of living.

At the moment when he seemed surely succeeding, however, there came upon them a great calamity. A white trading vessel had come to the island to buy sandal wood and other products supplied by the natives. The master of the vessel, willing to see the black natives swept away by disease in order that the white men might occupy their places, brought several of the islanders on board and had them exposed to measles which was then afflicting his crew. The islanders quickly caught the disease and before it had been checked a third of them had died.

The fury of the natives knew no bounds. There was a general uprising. On a neighboring island the missionaries were killed. From all sides came the cry, "Kill the missionaries! Plunder and burn their houses!"

Mr. Paton saw but one hope of escape. That was to flee to another mission station at the far side of the island, and there wait to be picked up by a passing ship. Hardly had he started, carrying with him a few belongings, when the natives discovered his departure and gave chase. He arrived at the mission station just ahead of his

pursuers and soon heard their harsh cries of "Kill the missionaries!" The attackers set fire to the church and the fence around the mission house. Mr. Paton rushed out and with an axe cut the fence away from the house. In an instant a half-dozen yelling savages were upon him crying, "Kill him! Kill him!"

At this dread moment a strange thing happened. A rushing, roaring, shrieking sound was heard coming from the south. A fierce tornado was in a moment upon them. Panic seized the savages and they fled in terror shouting, "This is Jehovah's rain! Surely the Jehovah God is fighting for the missionaries!"

The rain quickly put out the fire, and the house was saved. The missionaries knelt and gave thanks to God for their wonderful deliverance. The next day the cry was heard, "A sail! A sail!" and a passing ship carried them out of danger.

But Mr. Paton had not given up. He had not forgotten his determination to bring these people to know the true God of the Christians. He later returned to the island of Tanna, no longer inhabited by tribes of murderous cannibals, but by a band of Christians who had come to know the story of Jesus and learned to follow his teachings. The work done by this great leader had borne its fruit and many came and thanked him for his kindness to them. They were glad that Mr. Paton had obeyed the "rules of the

64 THE RULES OF THE GAME

game” and not quit a hard task in the face of danger and discouragement.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:

1. Locate on the map the New Hebrides. Is the island of Tanna marked? Trace the route which would to-day be taken from Scotland to the New Hebrides. Was the vessel in which Mr. Paton went driven by steam or by sails?
2. How long since John G. Paton went out as a missionary to the New Hebrides? Great changes have occurred among the natives of these islands since that day. Find out from your geography and the cyclopedia all you can about these people in the present day. Much credit for their advance must be given the Christian missionaries who carried them the gospel of Jesus.
3. What particular “rules of the game” do you think John G. Paton emphasized in his work at Tanna?
4. How can boys and girls apply these rules nearer home?
5. Find and copy down in your notebook a direction given by Jesus to his disciples (near the end of the last chapter of Matthew) which John G. Paton faithfully carried out. Do you know of any men and women who are to-day following this

command? Perhaps your church or Sunday school is helping support some such worker?

6. If you want an interesting account of true adventures, read *The Story of John G. Paton* (probably to be found in your library).

LESSON IX

PETER'S COURAGE FAILS IN THE TEST

It was Thursday night in the city of Jerusalem. The week had been one of trouble and anxiety for Jesus and his disciples. On the preceding Sunday they had entered the city in triumph, and the multitude had welcomed them, singing hosannas and strewing flowers in the way. Many of the people, and, in fact, the disciples themselves, had believed that Jesus would proclaim himself king, and lead the Jews out from under the hated Roman bondage.

But the tide of popularity had turned. Jesus had taken no step toward making himself king, and the multitude had fallen away. He had driven the money-changers from the temple and had offended many. He had brought upon himself the anger of the scribes and the Pharisees, and they were plotting how they might destroy this new leader. His enemies were busily carrying false messages to the Roman officers telling them that Jesus was seeking to bring about an uprising of the people. Some of his opponents were openly urging his arrest by the Roman soldiers.

Many were the dark glances cast in their direction when Jesus and the disciples, late on Thursday afternoon, had gathered in an upper room in Jerusalem for their last supper together. After the supper they withdrew to their favorite meeting place, a garden called Gethsemane, just outside the city. Jesus had warned his disciples that enemies were seeking his life, and that the disciples themselves were in danger.

Peter, who loved the Master, was greatly troubled and said, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee both into prison and to death."

This sounded very brave, and no doubt Peter was greatly shocked when Jesus replied, "Peter, the cock shall not crow this day before thou shalt deny me thrice."

What, deny his Master! Prove disloyal to his dearest friend and trusted leader! "Never!" said Peter to himself.

Soon after they entered the garden, Jesus had retired a little distance from the others to be by himself. Tired with the strain and anxiety of the day, Peter soon fell asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by the flicker of torches coming up the pathway into the garden. He heard strange voices. There were soldiers, and a crowd of people following them. Peter felt that trouble was brewing. Perhaps they were coming to arrest Jesus. Now was his chance to prove his courage and loyalty. Peter grasped his sword and joined the Master and his little band as they

descended the hillside to meet the approaching soldiers.

In a few moments Jesus and the disciples were surrounded by soldiers armed with staves and spears and swords. At a signal from their leader, soldiers stepped forward and seized Jesus to arrest him. Now, Peter felt, was the time if ever. Quickly he drew his sword, there was a flash and he had wounded one of the soldiers, cutting his ear. Peter was much crestfallen when Jesus rebuked him, and commanded him to put up his sword. The soldiers closed in about Jesus and led him away to Caiaphas the high priest.

Most of the disciples turned and fled when they saw their leader arrested. Peter stood dazed. He wanted to help the Master, but did not know what to do. His own turn might come next, for the crowd was still angry and there were soldiers about. For a little time Peter remained watching the flickering torches of the soldiers as they disappeared among the trees leading Jesus as a prisoner. Then sorrowfully and alone he followed the band afar off.

Soon they came within the city to the palace of the high priest. The soldiers took Jesus within. Peter succeeded in finding his way within the courtyard which surrounded the palace. The midnight air was chill. He shivered as he drew his cloak about him. Fires were burning in the courtyard. Peter found his way to one of them and sat down with the servants,



DENIAL OF SAINT PETER

holding his hands out to the blaze. He was worried about his Master and was alarmed for his own safety. What if they should recognize him as one of the followers of Jesus! What if —. While Peter was revolving these things in his mind a maid who was passing by caught a glimpse of his face in the firelight. She stopped and looked at him curiously. Then she came closer, stood before him, pointed at him and said, "Thou also wast with the Nazarene."

Peter was startled but calm. He tried to appear unconcerned. He denied, saying, "I know not what thou sayest." But nevertheless he moved away from this group and found a place by another fire, where he again began to warm himself.

Soon another servant maid passed by. She also stopped in curiosity to look at the stranger. After studying his face for a moment she said to those around, "This man was also with Jesus of Nazareth."

Peter was becoming alarmed; in fact, he was in something of a panic. They surely recognized him. Violently he denied again, "I do not know the man!"

No one answered him, but Peter did not feel that he had convinced the listeners.

More and more disturbed, he withdrew from this group also and sought still another place. Soon one of the soldiers approached him and stood calmly looking upon him. Peter was now

70 THE RULES OF THE GAME

thoroughly frightened. It was bad enough to have the servant maids recognize him, but if the soldiers came to know he was one of Jesus's followers they would surely throw him into prison. The soldier spoke: "Surely thou art also one of them, for thy speech betrayeth thee!"

Upon this Peter lost all self-control. He fell into a complete panic of fear. Forgetting that he had only a few hours before promised that no matter who else might desert his Master, he would go with him "both into prison and to death," Peter now thought only of his own safety and escape. In violent speech he shouted out his denial, "*I know not this man of whom ye speak!*"

As Peter spoke these words he suddenly heard the shrill crowing of a cock. The soldier who had questioned Peter moved on, but Peter, stunned and humiliated, had forgotten him. The crowing of the cock had recalled to him the words of Jesus that afternoon, "Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice." He had denied his Master! He had denied him thrice.

Peter went out and wept bitterly.

STUDY TOPICS:

1. Read the following: Mark 14. 26-31; 43-54; 66-72.
2. Locate on the map of Palestine (1) Jerusalem, (2) Bethany, (3) the Garden of Gethsemane.

3. Trace the events that occurred from the time when Jesus and the disciples went into the upper room to supper until Jesus was taken before the high priest.
4. Describe the incident in which Peter promised Jesus that he would go with him to prison or to death (Matthew 26. 30-35).
5. Tell the story of Peter's attempt to defend Jesus against arrest (John 18. 7-10).
6. Tell the story of Peter's three denials of Jesus.
7. What do you think made Peter deny that he knew Jesus? Have you ever known anyone who on the impulse of the moment (perhaps because he had lost his courage) did a wrong act?
8. How did Peter feel about it when he realized what he had done?

LESSON X

PETER FINDS HIS COURAGE

It was afternoon in the holy city of Jerusalem. The sun, warm and bright, cast a brilliant glow over the temple walls and buildings on Mount Moriah. Peter and John, faithful disciples of Jesus, were pressing through the crowded streets on their way to the temple to pray.

"Hasten, John," said Peter; "it is already past the hour of prayer."

In the distance they could see the temple in all its beauty. As they approached the Beautiful Gate, the open courts, the vistas of galleries, the sweep of stairs, the brilliant walls of the temple of Herod, the smoke from the altars rising heavenward, all made a picture of surpassing grandeur. So interested were they that they failed to notice a beggar beside the gate.

"An alms! Give me an alms!" came in a pleading voice.

Peter suddenly stopped. On the ground, right near the gate, was a crippled man, helpless and unable to walk, stretching out his hand and begging alms of the passers-by who were hurrying up to the temple. Peter hesitated but an instant. Jesus had said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." Here was a chance to do good in the name of his Master.

Immediately, Peter, fastening his eyes upon the man, said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." And he took him by the right hand and lifted him up. The man was dumfounded at first. He could scarcely realize that he was healed. When it dawned on him what had happened, he began walking and leaping and praising God.

"Healed! healed! Behold what a miracle has been wrought! I was lame and now I can walk." And he continued to shout in a loud voice which attracted the attention of the people passing by. Just at that moment a wealthy priest who belonged to the sect called Sadducees came hurrying over to the man who had been healed. Such shouting was not allowed in the temple.

"What meaneth this disturbance?" he said in a commanding voice. "Would ye profane this holy place with your clamor?"

But the healed man only shouted the louder, "Jesus Christ, through these men, hath made me whole!"

The Sadducee was startled! Jesus Christ! That name again! The priest had been among the chief ones who had brought about the crucifixion and death of Jesus. Did the power of the Nazarene still live? Were these strange happenings still to go on in his name? Alarmed, the priest hastened away to his fellows.

"Brethren," he said, "we crucified this Jesus

not long ago. 'His disciples are now teaching in his name and doing strange things. Unless we destroy this whole group Jerusalem will be on fire with their teachings. I say these men must die!'

In the meantime Peter had begun to preach to the people in the open court. Hundreds had rushed together from all parts of the temple to see what was happening. The commander of the temple police, gathering a band of his trusty followers, rushed into the group and in a few minutes had dragged Peter and John into the guardroom.

"Away with them to the dungeon," commanded the captain, and they were hurried away from the multitude, and the iron door of the prison closed with a surly clang, shutting Peter and John in the darkness of the dungeon cell.

"It is in the name of the Christ that we are here. We have done as he would have wished," said Peter in a cheerful tone, as he groped about in the dark of the cell.

"What will happen on the morrow?" asked John.

"It rests with God," said Peter. "They brought about the death of our Master. If we must suffer as he suffered, may God grant us such courage as he showed. A trial before the Sanhedrin probably awaits us."

After that both men were silent for a while. Before the Sanhedrin, the high court of justice! The most powerful men of the Jewish nation



SAINT PETER IN PRISON VISITED BY
SAINT PAUL
(Filippo Lippi)

would be their judges, men who had been the conspirators in plotting Jesus's death.

"Yes, may God grant us courage not to deny our Master," repeated Peter, while in his mind he pictured a courtyard scene and a little maid, and heard again the fateful crowing of a cock. Peter had not forgotten his own denial of Jesus.

The night quickly passed. In the morning Peter and John were led away to the trial room of the Sanhedrin. Seventy men were gathered there to pass sentence upon the prisoners, and the looks of hatred upon their faces boded no good for Peter and John.

Finally, Annas the high priest and judge of the assembly arose. With a fierce look at Peter and John he demanded sternly, "By what power and in what name have ye done this?"

There was a brief moment of hushed silence in the court room as the Sanhedrin waited for a reply. With a courage he had never felt before Peter arose and in a voice that did not falter boldly answered to the haughty Sanhedrin: "By the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified and whom God raised from the dead."

Hardly had he finished the words when the whole council was in an uproar. Springing to their feet the members rent their garments. Shouts and threats of death were heard on every side. Peter and John were quickly led out of the council room. Then the members began a long and heated discussion.

Gladly would they have put the two prisoners to death, but they feared the people. At length one of the members of the Sanhedrin arose and said: "Brethren, a notable miracle hath been wrought through these men, and we cannot deny it. But it must spread no further among the people. Let us threaten these men with dire punishment if they dare preach any more in this name."

The members agreed with his words, and Peter and John were again led in. Once more Annas, the high priest, arose in great dignity and in a pompous manner proclaimed. "Hearken ye! Preach not again in the name of this Jesus of Nazareth. If this order is not obeyed, thou and all thy followers shall surely die."

But Peter and John stood firm and unafraid, and then did Peter the courageous with calmness and assurance boldly reply: "Shall we hearken unto you rather than unto God? Judge ye! We can but speak the things we saw and heard."

At such boldness the judge paled with anger. He saw his threats were useless, but to Peter he said once again, "Remember that thou preach no more in his name, or thou diest." Then, turning to the guards, he commanded that they let them go.

Peter and John hurried to the place where the other disciples were gathered. Peter told them all that had happened at the trial. He told them that the Sanhedrin feared to harm them because

PETER FINDS HIS COURAGE 77

they were followers of Jesus. Then they all kneeled and joined in a prayer for courage in their work for the Master.

STUDY TOPICS:

1. Read the story found in Acts 3. 1-13 and 4. 1-25. Find where in the book of John it tells about the early morning meeting of Jesus with his disciples and their breakfast of fish. When did this occur with reference to Jesus's death?
2. This is a very different Peter from the one we read about in our last lesson. What do you think has caused the change? Read Acts 2. 1-4 and see if you think that what is there described had something to do with it?
3. Find out from the cyclopedia what the Sanhedrin was.
4. Tell in your own words the story of the curing of the lame man and what followed.
5. Find out what you can about the temple at Jerusalem.
6. Write down in your notebook what "rules of the game" Peter especially followed in these events.
7. Do you think boys and girls of to-day ever need to speak out for what they know to be right, even when it will make them unpopular?

LESSON XI

THE WAY TWO BOYS MET A TEST

TED crept into the house and up the back stairs. If there was one person more than another whom he did not wish to meet just then, it was his mother. Ted was in trouble, and mothers have such a way of finding things out.

When he reached his room he struggled out of his wet clothes and into some clean ones. Even then he did not feel much better, especially when he heard his mother's footsteps in the hall and saw her enter the room. Ted's mother did not ask him anything about the trouble; she only looked sad and said, "I am sorry, Ted." Then she went out.

Ted sat down and thought over the affair of the afternoon. He wished he had not been there when Tom had called out, "Come on, fellows, let us cut school and go on a hike down to the lake." Of course Ted knew that he ought not to cut school, but he was afraid the boys would call him a "quitter." So he went with the rest. They had gone down to the lake and built a fire on the shore. Shorty had remarked, "If we only had some roasting ears!" And, sure enough, right across the fence was Farmer Blake's field of corn just right for roasting ears.

Now, Farmer Blake was not stingy about his

roasting ears, but he did not want the boys to take them without his permission. He had said to the boys, "If there is anything you want, boys, come and ask me for it. I'll be glad to give you things from the farm for your picnic."

Farmer Blake saw the smoke come from their fire down by the edge of the lake. He decided to investigate.

Just as the boys got into the field of corn and were helping themselves, they saw Farmer Blake coming around the edge of the lake. There was only one way of escape.

"Across the neck of the lake!" shouted Tom, as he plunged into the underbrush and through the marsh filled with mud and water. In a few moments a dozen wet and dirty boys were wallowing through the muddy water toward the other shore. This was what had happened.

"It wasn't anything to be very proud of," sighed Ted, "but when the gang does a thing, what can a fellow do!"

Just then Ted heard mother's voice calling him to supper. Ted felt very miserable at the thought of meeting the whole family at the supper table.

"You are not eating much to-night, Ted," observed his father, cheerfully, after supper was begun.

Ted said something about not feeling very hungry. Ruth and Margaret both remarked about Ted's appetite, but mother only looked sad and said nothing.

Ted slipped away from the table as soon as he could, and into the big easy chair, where he took up a book and pretended to read. He was thinking, however, of the afternoon and feeling very much ashamed of what he had done. Finally everybody had left the table, the supper had been cleared away, and the family gathered in front of the cheerful fireplace.

"A story, mother, a story," pleaded Margaret, as mother came in.

"Ted wants a story, too, don't you, Ted?" said Margaret.

"Yes, I will tell you a story to-night, children," said mother, as she seated herself in her comfortable chair. The children gathered around her, and Ted curled up in his accustomed place at her feet.

Long years ago, began mother, there lived in the far away city of Babylon a prince. Although he lived in the king's palace and ate of the king's food he was not happy. For this prince was far from home and living in a strange land. In his early boyhood he had lived with his parents in the city of Jerusalem. Then came a war with Babylon and the soldiers of the enemy had broken into the gates of the city. In the midst of the flurry and excitement Daniel, for that was the name of the prince, had been snatched up and carried away by the Babylonian soldiers. The next thing he could remember was a long, jolting trip on the back of a camel

which carried him away from his Hebrew home, a prisoner.

After many days they arrived at the great city, and Daniel was taken to the palace of the king. Here he quickly found favor in the eyes of the king and in the Babylonian court, where he soon became familiar with the history and customs of the new land. Daniel studied hard under many teachers and soon came to be more learned and wise than any of the nobles of the court. The Babylonian king was greatly pleased with Daniel and showed him many favors.

After some years had passed, Daniel was made counselor to the king. Nobles gave way to him as he came before the king and showed him honor by bowing before him. The Babylonian nobles, however, hated Daniel because he was a prince from another land and was taking the place of honor with the king which they themselves desired.

In their jealousy the nobles soon began to plot how they might bring about the downfall of Daniel. Daniel knew of their designs against him, but went quietly on his way. Each day he asked God for guidance, that he might help the king to rule wisely and well. So just and upright was Daniel that his enemies could find no fault with him or his dealings.

At last one of the nobles, more crafty than the rest, devised a plan by which to trap Daniel and cause his defeat. "Every day," explained this

noble to his fellows, "this man Daniel goes into his house, opens his window toward Jerusalem, and prays to his own God. He does this three times a day. We will persuade the king to make a law that any person who, for the next thirty days, prays to any being except the king himself, shall be cast into the lions' den. We know that Daniel will continue to pray to his God. This will anger the king, who will then have Daniel thrown to the lions."

So the courtiers sought the king, and when they were admitted to his presence, one of them stepped forward and said, "O, king, live forever! All the governors and deputies and statesmen have counseled together to make this law: We decree that anyone who shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days save only thee, O king! shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O, king, we pray to thee to establish this decree as a law."

The king was much flattered by this sign of honor to himself, that he should be looked upon as a god and that men should worship him. So he quickly signed the decree, which was then sent by messengers throughout all the land of Babylon.

Every Hebrew who lived in Babylon had been taught just as Daniel had been taught to pray to no other god but Jehovah. One of the Hebrews, however, when he read the decree, said, "I will not pray at all for thirty days, for then I shall not break the law."

Another Hebrew, when he read the edict, said, "I can go to my own house, and shut the door and pray, and then they will not know whether I am praying to Jehovah or not."

But not so with Daniel. He knew the decree which the king had made, and he knew what would happen if he disobeyed. He had often seen the lions in their den—large, hungry beasts. Sometimes at night he had heard their roar. But Daniel said to himself, "Whatever others may do, I shall do what I know to be right."

Three times that day he raised his window toward Jerusalem, and prayed to Jehovah.

The nobles had been watching for this very thing. As soon as they saw Daniel open his window toward Jerusalem and pray they hastened away to the king. "O king, live forever!" they said, as they came into the royal presence. "Did the king not make a decree that anyone offering a petition to any god or person within thirty days, other than unto yourself alone, O king! should be cast into the den of lions?"

"Even so," answered the king.

"Then hear, O king! this Daniel whom thou hast raised to be thy counselor is of the children of captivity. He regarded not thee nor thy decree, but has to-day raised his window toward Jerusalem and prayed three times to his own God."

Then the king knew that a plot had been laid for his beloved counselor, and he was deeply

grieved, for he loved the brave Daniel. But he had made a law, and the king's law must be enforced, even though injustice be done.

"So let it be," commanded the king. "The king's decree must be obeyed. Let Daniel be put into the den of the lions."

So Daniel was brought and thrust into the lions' den.

When the king returned to his palace he was much troubled and unable to eat or sleep. The musicians did their best to please him and divert his mind. He went out into his garden, rich with flowers, where fountains threw out scented waters and where servants fanned the air to make it cool. But none of these things pleased him.

At last the king could stand it no longer. Calling his slaves, he went to the door of the lions' den, where in fear and trembling he called out the name of Daniel.

For a moment there was silence, and then a voice, clear and calm, said, "O king, live forever! My God has sent his angels and shut the lions' mouths that they have not injured me."

Immediately the king gave orders to his slaves. With willing hands they unbarred the door and Daniel came forth unharmed. The king welcomed Daniel and taking his ring from off his finger, put it on the finger of Daniel, and made him one of the chief rulers of the realm.

Daniel knelt on the sand under the quiet stars,

and, raising his eyes to God in prayer, thanked him that he had given him courage to do right even when it was hard.

Mother's story was finished. The fire had burned low in the grate. The clock quietly tick-tocked in the hall.

Finally Ted arose and, putting his arms around his mother's neck, said: "Thank you, mother. I'll not do wrong again just because others do. Next time I'll try to be a Daniel."

STUDY TOPICS:

1. Read the story of Daniel found in Daniel, Chapters I and VI.
2. What do you think Ted should have done when it was proposed to cut school for an afternoon at the lake? What should he have done when it was proposed to take corn from Farmer Blake's field?
3. Trace on the map the route probably taken in the journey from Jerusalem to Babylon.
4. Do you think you would have liked Daniel for a friend? Why?
5. Which do you think takes more courage to meet, physical danger or to stand for the right when your crowd may be planning to do something wrong?
6. What "rules of the game" did Ted violate? What ones did Daniel follow?

LESSON XII

THE VICTORY OF A LONE CHAMPION

FROM out of the rugged wilderness of Samaria there suddenly emerged a coarse and dusty traveler. His garb, which was that of a shepherd, was rough and uncouth. His face was bronzed with exposure to wind and sun, and his dark hair unkempt, but in his eye there burned a strange light. Elijah, the prophet, was on his way to warn the wicked King Ahab to turn from his evil ways.

As he made his way toward the royal city Elijah's mind went over the conditions in his beloved home land. King Ahab, who was on the throne, had given himself over to wickedness and injustice. He had forsaken the religion of his fathers and turned to the worship of idols. Even in the capital city he had erected a temple to the pagan god, Baal, and had there built him an altar. The prophets of Baal flourished everywhere, while the worship of Jehovah seemed entirely neglected by the Hebrew king and his people.

"King Ahab will suffer for his wickedness," meditated Elijah, as he plodded wearily along

the rough way. "Jehovah, who brought our fathers out of the land of bondage, will surely punish him for his evil deeds and for leading the people astray."

This lone prophet of God had felt it his duty to warn the king. It was a venturesome thing to do, for the king did not like to be rebuked, and by a word he could cause the death of anyone who gained his displeasure. But Elijah, the courageous champion of Jehovah, thought not of himself nor feared for his own safety if only he might save his people and their king from idolatry.

Elijah appeared at Ahab's court and was met by the king. "Beware, O king!" he cried. "In times past our fathers learned the bitterness and sorrow that came from forsaking God. Repent and depart from thy evil ways lest a similar fate befall thee!"

The proud king scorned Elijah and gave little heed to his warning. "What have I to do with thee, thou wandering prophet of the desert?" exclaimed Ahab.

Then Elijah gave a most solemn warning. He foretold that a great drought and famine should come to the nation as a punishment for their turning from Jehovah to false gods. "As Jehovah, the God of Israel liveth, there shall not be rain nor dew these three years!" said Elijah. Thereupon he turned and departed from the king.

Month after month passed by and no rain fell.

A year came and went and still no rain. The people were sorely troubled. If rain did not come soon, their crops and flocks would die. A second year passed and still the rain was withheld. The suffering was becoming unbearable. The king saw that the prophet's words were coming true. But he blamed the prophet instead of himself for this great calamity. Ahab vowed vengeance upon Elijah, but Elijah had disappeared and could not be found throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The third year passed without rain, and then, as the people were about to despair, Elijah suddenly stood again before the king. "Art thou he that troublest Israel?" cried the king threateningly.

The prophet sternly replied, "I have not troubled Israel, but thee, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandment of the Lord and have followed Baal."

Then Elijah flung out this challenge to the king: "Summon all the nation to Mount Carmel. Let also the prophets of Baal come. Then we shall have a trial to see who is God."

Elijah meant to prove by a test none could mistake or doubt that Jehovah was the Lord.

"It shall be as thou sayest," answered King Ahab.

The day of the great test came. The brown slopes of Mount Carmel were thronged with people. On the top were the followers of Baal,

four hundred and fifty prophets. Elijah stood as the one lone champion of Jehovah.

When the people were fully assembled Elijah cried out to the multitude: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord is God, follow him! If Baal, follow him!"

And they answered him not a word.

Then he explained the test which was to decide between Jehovah and Baal. The prophets of each were to build an altar and place on it the wood and sacrifice. Then they were to pray to their God, and the God who answered by fire, "let him be God."

The people agreed, "It is well spoken."

So the prophets of Baal built their altar and placed on it the wood and the sacrifice, and began to cry unto their god. But no voice answered, nor was there any sign. Then they leaped about the altar and cried out the more and cut themselves with knives and lances. But their god was dead to their appeals.

When the noon hour approached, and no sign had been given the prophets of Baal, Elijah mocked them. "Cry aloud, for he is a god. Either he is musing, or he is gone aside, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened."

And they cried aloud, "O Baal, hear us!" and leaped upon the altar and cut themselves with knives till the blood ran, but still their prayers were unanswered.

As the sun was sinking in the west, the lone champion arose. Now had come his time. The prophets of Baal had failed. Elijah cried to the people, "Come near unto me," and a great silence fell upon the expectant multitude as they approached nearer.

Elijah repaired the altar of Jehovah which had fallen into decay. He placed on it the wood and the sacrifice. Then, to convince the people, he called for four barrels of water to be poured over it. Then he ordered that another four barrels should be poured upon the altar.

"Do it yet the third time," came the command, and the water flooded the altar and filled the trench round about.

Then Elijah knelt and offered a simple prayer: "Lord, God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God of Israel and that I am thy servant, and that I have done these things at thy word. Hear, O Lord! Hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their hearts back again."

Then a wonderful thing happened. From out of the clouds came the lightning and consumed the altar and all that was on it. And when the multitude saw it, they fell on their faces in awe and wonder and cried, "The Lord, he is God! The Lord, he is God!" And they turned from Baal and became followers of the true God.

One lone champion had confronted a nation

and dared a king. One lone champion had gained the day for Jehovah.

STUDY TOPICS:

1. Read the story of Elijah in 1 Kings 18, 1-40.
2. Learn from the cyclopedia or other source about the god Baal whom the people worshiped.
3. See whether you can discover any cases in later history in which a hero has dared the displeasure of others to do his duty.
4. After reading the Bible story, tell the story of Elijah and Ahab in your own words.
5. What do you most admire about Elijah?
6. Describe in your notebook how Elijah built the altar. Why did he take twelve stones? Draw a picture of the altar.

CHAPTER XIII

THE RAJA OF THE KINGDOM OF TRUTH

HAVE you ever heard of Raja Lal? No? Well, then, I must tell you about him. He was not always called Raja Lal. His right name was Peri Lal, and he was only a village boy in far-off India, who worked in the rice fields, tended the goats, and played games with the other boys.

One day a white-faced stranger from over the seas talked to the older men under the large council tree. Peri with the other boys crept close to listen to all that was said. The stranger told of a wonderful Kingdom of Truth.

Many days Peri wondered over this, and asked himself many times where the Kingdom of Truth could be. He asked others also, but nobody seemed to know. After a long time, Peri decided that he would go and find this wonderful kingdom. One morning he got up very early, made up a package of rice cakes, and started off long before anybody else was awake.

He journeyed over beautiful hills and rich valleys for many days. At last he came to the most wonderful valley he had ever seen. There was a tank in the valley bigger than any he had

yet seen in all his travels. The houses in which the people lived were very large, and the first time he saw one of the inhabitants he was badly frightened because he was so big. But the people were kind to Peri and soon he forgot his terror and grew to love them very much.

Some time after his arrival their raja (ruler) died, and there was a great funeral. A few days later, a council was called to elect another raja. They talked over the matter a long time, but they could not agree, so finally some one said, "Let us make the stranger our raja."

Everybody said, "Yes, yes, that is a good idea."

So they immediately appointed a committee to see Peri Lal and ask him to become their raja.

They found Peri standing by the great tank. The eldest stepped up to him, made a very deep salaam and said, "We have come to ask you to be our raja."

"But I do not know what place this is nor who you are," said Peri.

"Why," said the old man, "this is the Kingdom of Truth."

"Indeed," said Peri, very much surprised. "And who are you? I cannot be your raja unless I know that."

"We are the soldiers of truth," answered the grey-haired councilor. "Over the hills in the other valley is another great Kingdom of Lies with which we are always at war. We have been

gaining on them too. We own more land to-day than ever before."

Peri thought deeply for a few minutes. It would be wonderful to be the raja of the Kingdom of Truth and have all these great giants serve him. But it would be very hard to be a raja and sit on a throne or to parade on an elephant before a great crowd of people. Finally he looked up, "Yes, I will be your raja," he said.

Then a great procession was formed, an elephant was brought, Peri was lifted into the howdah and conducted to the palace, where everybody shouted and hailed him as raja of the Kingdom of Truth.

The next day Raja Lal sat on his throne to receive the great men of his kingdom. Before they came he began to think what they might say. "They will want to know where I come from," he thought. "What shall I tell them. I cannot tell them I am a poor village boy. I will say to them that my father is a prince and is very, very rich."

Hardly had he decided on this when suddenly he felt himself flying backward through the air, out through a back door, where he dropped into a muddy rice field. What a sight his fine robes were when he got up! Servants came running from every side. They took the soiled garments off, washed the mud from his hands and face, and dressed him in clean robes. When he got back to the hall the great men were all assembled.

But while they talked of many things, they did not ask him about his home.

The next day there was to be a great banquet to the wise men of the kingdom. Raja Lal thought he ought to go and sit on the throne before the guests arrived and rehearse how he would receive them. He went into the large, empty room and seated himself on the throne. "Now," thought Raja Lal, "they will want to know all about my education. I cannot tell them that I have attended only an elementary school. I will tell them—let me see, I will tell them I graduated from Calcutta University, but lost my diploma on the way here."

Again, hardly had he come to a decision to tell a falsehood, when he found himself flying backward through the air, and again he landed in the dirty rice field. As before, servants came quickly, changed his robes, washed him, and hastened him back to the great throne-room just in time to receive his guests.

The next day some famous ambassadors were announced from another kingdom. Raja Lal was almost afraid to sit on the throne again, but he couldn't get out of it. So he seated himself upon the throne, the ambassadors came, and he received them.

Then these ambassadors began to tell about the wonderful land from which they had come; how rich it was, how famous, how powerful. Now Raja Lal didn't know very much about his new-

found kingdom, but he thought, "I cannot allow these men to tell a better story than I."

So, as soon as they stopped, Raja Lal began to tell how many millions of soldiers he had, how many billions of money, and how many thousands of square miles of land he owned. Then, suddenly, right before those great men and courtiers he went flying backward through the air, out of the little back door, and head over heels into the wet rice field. Raja Lal felt so mortified that he could do nothing but weep when his courtiers came to help him out. As soon as he had clean robes on he dismissed the ambassadors and called his councilors together in his private room.

"Now, sirs," said he, very angrily, "I want you to remove that throne and put another in its place. I will not have a throne that plays tricks on me."

Then an elderly councilor with a long, white beard arose, salaamed very deeply and said, "Raja-sahib, we cannot do as you request. That throne has been there from the beginning, or, at least as far back as our records go. Whoever sits on the throne of the Kingdom of Truth may not even think a falsehood. It is a magic throne; we cannot change it."

When the councilors had gone, Raja Lal sat thinking a long time. He did not want to give up his throne. Nor did he want to be in disgrace. After a while he went into his bedroom, shut the door, knelt down and prayed to God: "Dear

God, help me to be a worthy raja of the Kingdom of Truth."

The next day he dictated a true account of his life to a secretary and had him print it in a book so that everybody could read it just as it was. Thus the village boy, Peri Lal, became the true Raja Lal of the Kingdom of Truth.

—John W. Simmons.

STUDY TOPICS:

1. Locate in your geography the country of India where Peri Lal lived, and learn what you can about the people.
2. It seems that Peri Lal got into trouble by merely planning or *intending* to tell a lie, even before he told it. Do you think it is as bad to plan or intend to tell a lie as actually to tell it.
3. Some one has said that only cowards lie, since one lies only because he is afraid to tell the truth. What do you think about it?
4. We do most things more easily after we have formed a habit of doing them. We may begin by telling small falsehoods, and so finally find it easy not to tell the truth.
5. What different "rules of the game" do you think Peri Lal broke? Answer this question in your notebook.
6. Read Acts 5. 1-11 for the story of a man and his wife who told a lie.

LESSON XIV

EVIL ALLURES, BUT GOOD ENDURES

THERE lived in olden times a good and kindly man. He had this world's goods in abundance and many slaves to serve him. And the slaves prided themselves in their master, saying: "There is no better lord than ours under the sun. He feeds and clothes us well, and gives us work suited to our strength. He bears no malice, and never speaks a harsh word to anyone. He is not like other masters who treat their slaves worse than cattle, punishing them whether they deserve it or not, and never giving them a friendly word. He wishes us well, does good, and speaks kindly to us. We do not wish for a better life."

Thus the slaves praised their lord, and the Devil, seeing it, was vexed that the slaves should live in such love and harmony with their master. So, getting one of them, whose name was Aleb, into his power, the Devil ordered him to tempt the other slaves. And one day, when they were all sitting together resting and talking of their master's goodness, Aleb raised his voice, and said: "It is stupid to make so much of our master's goodness. The Devil himself would be kind to

you if you did what he wanted. We serve our master well and humor him in all things. As soon as he thinks of anything we do it, foreseeing all his wishes. What can he do but be kind to us? Just try how it will be if, instead of humoring him, we do him some harm instead. He will act like anyone else, and will repay evil for evil, as the worst of masters do."

The other slaves began denying what Aleb had said, and at last bet with him. Aleb undertook to make their master angry. If he failed, he was to lose his holiday garment; but if he succeeded, the other slaves were to give him theirs. Moreover, they promised to defend him against the master, and to set him free if he should be put in chains or imprisoned. Having arranged this bet, Aleb agreed to make his master angry next morning.

Aleb was a shepherd, and had in charge a number of valuable, pure-bred sheep, of which his master was very fond. Next morning, when his master brought some visitors into the inclosure to show them the valuable sheep, Aleb winked at his companions, as if to say, "See, now, how angry I will make him."

All the other slaves assembled, looking in at the gates or over the fence, and the Devil climbed a tree near by to see how his servant would do his work. The master walked about the inclosure, showing his guests the ewes and lambs, and presently he wished to show them the finest ram.

"All the rams are valuable," said he, "but I have one with closely twisted horns which is priceless. I prize him as the apple of my eye."

Startled by the strangers, the sheep rushed about the inclosure, so that the visitors could not get a good look at the ram. As soon as it stood still, Aleb startled the sheep as if by accident, and they all got mixed up again. The visitors could not make out which was the priceless ram. At last the master got tired of it.

"Aleb, dear friend," he said, "pray catch our best ram for me, the one with the tightly twisted horns. Catch him very carefully, and hold him still for a moment."

Scarcely had the master said this when Aleb rushed in among the sheep like a lion, and clutched the priceless ram. Holding him fast by the wool he seized the left hind leg with one hand, and, before his master's eyes, lifted it and jerked it so that it snapped like a dry branch. He had broken the ram's leg, and it fell bleating onto its knees. Then Aleb seized the right hind leg, while the left twisted around and hung quite limp. The visitors and slaves exclaimed in dismay, and the Devil, sitting up in the tree, rejoiced that Aleb had done his task so cleverly. The master looked as black as thunder, frowned, bent his head, and did not say a word. The visitors and the slaves were silent too, waiting to see what would follow. After remaining silent for a while, the master shook himself as if to throw

off some burden. Then he lifted his head, and raising his eyes heavenward, remained so for a short time. Presently the wrinkles passed from his face, and he looked down at Aleb with a smile, saying:

“O, Aleb, Aleb! Your master bade you anger me; but my Master is stronger than yours. I am not angry with you, but I will make your master angry. You are afraid that I will punish you, and you have been wishing for your freedom. Know, then, Aleb, that I shall not punish you; but as you wish to be free, here, before my guests, I set you free. Go where you like, and take your holiday garment with you!”

And the kind master returned with his guests to the house; but the Devil, grinding his teeth, fell down from the tree, and sank through the ground.

(From Twenty-three Tales, by Tolstoy; translated by L. & A. Maude.)

STUDY AND DISCUSSION TOPICS:

1. Learn from the cyclopedia or other source what you can about Tolstoy.
2. The story tells that “after remaining silent for a while the master shook himself as if to throw off some burden.” Then he was ready to smile and speak pleasantly. Have you ever found that when you are angry it pays to “keep silent” for a moment until the anger has passed away?

102 THE RULES OF THE GAME

3. What was the master doing when he raised his eyes heavenward? Does this help to control the temper when you are angry?
4. Do you ever feel sorry and ashamed for a person who loses his temper and proud of one who controls his temper under difficulties? Do you think Jesus ever lost his temper? Read Proverbs 16. 32 and commit it to memory.
5. Read Rom. 12. 17. Do you think it applies to the thought of this lesson? Is it not worth memorizing?
6. Find or recall one or more incidents in the life of Jesus when he remained calm and without anger under great provocation.

LESSON XV

THE LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER

OFFERO was a giant—at least he stood head and shoulders above any other man among his people. When Offero grew to manhood, he made a vow that he would serve only the strongest master anywhere to be found in the world.

One day he left home and went to search for the strongest master. Over snow-capped mountains, across raging torrents, through the blinding sands of the desert he traveled toward a walled city, where it was said there lived the most mighty monarch in all the world.

Offero presented himself before this king and said: "Sire, I am told that you are the strongest master in the whole world. I wish, therefore, to serve you."

The king was much pleased with Offero's huge shoulders and powerful arms, and immediately made him one of the leaders of his army. When the army went forth to battle it put the king's enemies to flight and won a great victory. The next day there was much feasting and rejoicing in honor of Offero, who had led the army so well. A poet came forth to speak the praises of Offero.

"Even Satan," declaimed the poet, "would be no match for this mighty champion."

At these words, however, Offero noticed that the king started and turned pale.

"Why do you turn pale and tremble, O king?" asked Offero. "Is it that you fear Satan because he is more powerful than yourself? Coward! I will serve only the strongest master in the world," and with that he left the king and went in search of this new master, Satan, whom the mighty king feared.

Offero had not long to search before he came upon Satan and told him his desire to serve only the strongest master in the world. The eyes of Satan glowed like coals of fire as he viewed the brawny giant. Gladly he accepted Offero's offer and Offero became the servant of the evil one, and spent his time in bringing harm and injury to others. Offero did not greatly enjoy his new task and did not altogether approve of his new master, but he said to himself, "I should at least be satisfied, for I have now found the strongest master in the world."

One day Offero was traveling with his master along a country road. Suddenly Satan shrank and cowered to one side of the road.

"What is it, master?" asked the giant quickly. "Why do you thus turn pale and tremble?"

"It was the Cross," answered Satan as he turned his face away, "and the Christ who died

upon it. Though I have ever been his enemy, him I could not conquer."

"Coward!" thundered Offero, turning away from his master. "I shall serve you no longer. I shall find this one who is stronger than yourself and whom you fear," and with that he went in search of his new master, the Christ.

Offero searched for many days, asking men in different cities where he could find the Christ whom he wished to serve. But no one could tell him where he was. At length, late one evening, Offero came to a river which flowed with a strong and deep current, and which there was no way to cross. Looking across to the other side, he saw a hermit sitting before his cell.

"Perhaps this good man could tell me where to find my new master," said Offero, and although the current was deep and strong, he plunged in, and, because of his great strength and height, was able to wade across.

Coming to the hermit, Offero told him of his desire to find and serve the Christ, and asked him where he might be found.

"You would serve the Christ?" inquired the old father. "Behold! here is your chance. The Christ has said that those serve him best who most faithfully help others. Here is a mighty river with no bridge to span it. Remain here and help the many travelers who come this way to cross the stream."

"That will I do," replied Offero. And from

that day he became the helper of all those who would pass over the river. Men, women, and children came to love the powerful giant who so willingly carried them across the dangerous stream. But sometimes Offero wondered about the Master whom he was trying so blindly to serve.

One evening, during the rainy season, a great storm arose. The rain fell in torrents, the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared among the mountain peaks. The giant said to himself, "Surely no one will be out on such a night," and he went into his house and settled himself in comfort before a big fire.

Suddenly he heard a voice crying, "Offero!"

The giant quickly sprang up, opened his door and looked out into the darkness. A brilliant flash of lightning gave him a glimpse of the rushing current and of the distant shore, but he saw no person.

"I must have been dreaming," said Offero to himself, as he settled his great bulk again before the fire. But scarcely had he seated himself when again he distinctly heard the cry, "Offero! Will you help me across the river?"

Starting up, Offero grasped his staff, took his lantern and went out into the night. When he had crossed the rushing torrent, to his surprise he found no one on the bank. Taking his lantern he began to search. Suddenly his light fell upon the upturned face of a child.



SAINT CHRISTOPHER CARRYING THE CHILD ACROSS THE RIVER
(Titian)

"Poor child," said the kind-hearted giant, "did you wish to cross the river?" Offero easily swung the slight figure to his shoulder and plunged into the stream. The current was powerful, the rain drove madly, the wind blew a gale. At first Offero waded easily in the churning water. But the deeper he went and the stronger the current became, the heavier the child seemed upon his shoulders. Many strong men had he carried across the river, but none so heavy as this little child. Once he stepped on a round stone, which rolled and threw him down in the water. He struggled to his feet again, fighting with the tugging current. The shore seemed very far away. The clinging arms of the child around his neck were nearly choking him. At last the current abated and he stumbled against the shore. He was so tired that he caught hold of the tufts of grass and dragged himself out of the water; he did not have the strength to stride up the bank.

"Faith, you are heavy for a little fellow," gasped Offero.

A clear, ringing voice sounding above the current, answered him, "I am heavy because I myself bear the burdens of all the world. I am the Christ whom you are serving so well. For your faithfulness you shall henceforth be called Christophero, which means 'Christbearer.'"

Offero looked and lo! Instead of the child he saw a tall and shining figure.

108 THE RULES OF THE GAME

“Master!” cried Offero, and knelt before him. But the figure disappeared. Offero had found his Master, the Christ.

STUDY TOPICS:

1. What kind of master did Offero seek?
What three masters did he serve?
2. Tell the story of Offero's service with each of his masters.
3. How did Offero finally find the Christ?
4. We speak of serving Jesus. Do you think we can serve him by helping those about us?
5. If you have read the story of “The Vision of Sir Launfal,” tell whether you think the two stories teach the same lesson.
6. Read again Matthew 25. 34-41. Do you think the story of Offero teaches the same lesson as that contained in these words of Jesus?
7. Commit to memory: “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even the least, ye did it unto me.”

LESSON XVI

THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN

It was the first Christmas season. Jesus had been born in Bethlehem of Judæa. The shepherds keeping watch of the flocks in the fields by night had seen the marvelous light in the sky and had heard the angelic host proclaim the birth of the Prince of Peace. The long-expected Messiah had come, the Leader, Saviour, King of his people.

Though cradled in a manger, the child received the attention of kings and wise men. Herod was afraid of him, the Wise Men wished to worship him. This is the story of how the Wise Men came to visit the new-born King at this first Christmas time (Matthew 2. 1-12):

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshiped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

1. Read again in the Bible the story of the birth of Jesus. If you have not already done so, commit to memory the words of the angelic host (Luke 2. 14).

2. How did the Wise Men of the East know when Jesus was born? Why did they come first to Jerusalem?
3. What steps did Herod take to learn about the birth of Jesus? Why did he call the Wise Men to him? What command did he give the Wise Men? Did they obey? Did Herod mean to go himself and worship Jesus?
4. What did the Wise Men do when they had come to Bethlehem and found Jesus? What presents did they give?
5. How can we bring gifts to Jesus to-day? If we give to others in a spirit of kindness and love, are we giving to him?

LESSON XVII

RELEARNED "RULES OF THE GAME"

(REVIEW)

WE have now had sixteen different lessons dealing with the "rules of the game"—the game of being strong and clean boys and girls. Let us now stop and think over some of these lessons and see what we have learned and what we remember from them.

THE STORIES:

First of all, see whether you can name from memory all the different stories we have had. If there are any you have forgotten, read them again until you can retell any story of the list.

Then make a list of the titles from memory in your notebook, placing *first* the story you like best, and so on. Compare the lists made by other members of the class and choose the best storyteller to retell to the class the story chosen first by the greatest number. Which one of the deeds recounted in the stories would you be proudest to have done yourself? Why?

THE CHARACTERS:

Make in your notebook a list of all the chief

characters in the stories. Which of these characters do you like and admire most? Why? Which would you rather have for a friend? Why? Which would you prefer to be like if you could have your choice? Write after the name of each character the word showing the quality or strength in which he excelled. For example, do you think Moc was most to be admired for his *courage*, his *self-control*, his *generosity*, or some other quality?

MEMORY WORK:

How much of the material for memorizing can you now repeat? Try writing down in your notebook all of it you can remember. If you have forgotten any, or are not certain about it, look it up and relearn it. Which do you like best of the things you have memorized? Why? Can you repeat easily and with certainty the things you have committed? It is found by most people that the only way to *keep* a thing remembered is to review it frequently. Do you now and then say over the passages you have learned?

THE "RULES OF THE GAME."

Make a list of all the "rules of the game" which have most impressed you from the various lessons, such as *truthfulness*, *helpfulness*, *courage*, etc., putting them down in what you think to be the order of their importance, perhaps in some such form as this:

114 THE RULES OF THE GAME

“To tell the *truth* is not only right, but is the strong, brave thing to do.”

“True *courage* is always admired, but cowardice makes one an object of pity.”

Can you think of other stories or instances than the ones in our lessons that show boys and girls or men and women obeying the “rules of the game” which are set forth in the lessons? Think of different opportunities you have at home, at school, at work, or at play to put these rules into use from day to day. Are *you* obeying the “rules of the game”?



A STREET IN BETHLEHEM, WHERE JESUS WAS BORN

LESSON XVIII

THE BOY WHO GAVE A CUP OF COLD WATER

IN the northern quarter of the village of Nazareth stood the humble home of Joseph the carpenter. Fragrant vines clambered over its rough stone walls and touched the flat roof, while palms stood as sentinels to guard against the heat of the noonday sun.

At the rear of the home was a room used by Joseph as a shop. Here on the afternoon of a summer day he and the youthful Jesus worked busily, hewing and smoothing a timber to be used in the repair of a house on the opposite side of the village. When they had finished the task the boy stood for a moment gazing away over the jagged purple hills which, to the westward, half encircled the village nestling at their feet.

"Come, son," said Joseph, "we must hasten if we would complete our work on Neighbor Benjamin's house, for the shadows are already beginning to lengthen."

Grasping the finished timber, the sturdy youth swung it lightly to his shoulder. Joseph gathered up the needed tools, and with this they

moved briskly down the narrow street until they came to the house where they were mending the roof.

The timber was soon made fast, and they began to replace the tiles which had been removed.

Suddenly the boy, whose ears were keener than those of Joseph, paused. "Listen!" he said. "Did you hear a trumpet sound? And now the tramp of horses' feet? See! The people are running out from their houses. They are hastening toward the village well. What can be the matter? Shall we not go?"

"It is strange," answered Joseph in his quiet voice. "Let us see this last tile in place and then we too will pass by the well and learn what strange visitors have honored our village with their presence."

Quickly their work was finished, and Joseph, with Jesus at his side, set out for the well, where now they could see a large crowd of people gathered.

As they approached the place they took in the scene. A band of soldiers, armed with spears and wearing the helmets of the Romans, had arrived at the well and were quenching their thirst from its sparkling depths.

The haughty Roman soldiers gave little attention to the villagers, who encircled their group at the well. Having satisfied their own thirst, they turned to the comfort of their tired horses. Water was drawn and the animals eagerly drank

great draughts from the stone trough which stood by the edge of the well.

During this interval none of the soldiers had noticed or even given a glance toward a figure who had immediately become the center of interest to the people of the village. This was a man perhaps forty years of age, who was a prisoner of the Roman band. Around his neck was riveted a collar of brass. To this a thong was tied, the other end of which was attached to the saddle of one of the horses. The prisoner's hands were bound behind him. His scanty clothing was in shreds. His dark hair was matted with dust and clogged with blood which oozed from a wound on his head. His feet were bare and were bleeding from the sharp rocks over which he had been forced at a rapid pace by his heartless captors. Weary to the point of exhaustion, and suffering from thirst and the pain of his wounds, the prisoner had sunk to the ground in a stupor as soon as the band came to a halt.

"Who is he?" "What has he done?" "Will they not give him water to drink?" were the whispers that ran around the pitying crowd. But none dared brave the haughty stare of the leader, as with contemptuous eyes he swept the circle about him.

While the excitement was at its height an aged rabbi stepped forth from the crowd and gravely saluted the one in command. "Your prisoner—

118 THE RULES OF THE GAME

has he committed a serious crime ?” inquired the rabbi.

“Serious enough,” said the leader. “He has escaped from the galleys to which he was sentenced for life.”

“But his crime?” pursued the rabbi.

“That of plotting against the life of a Roman citizen,” sternly replied his captor.

Upon these words the pity of the crowd for the prisoner froze. A criminal!

“So he would take the life of another!” said one.

“Has he forgotten the command of Jehovah, ‘Thou shalt not kill’?” spoke a second.

“Let the wretch take his punishment then,” muttered a third. None spoke in kindness, nor did any offer the prisoner help or service.

During this interval he had lain weak and almost insensible in the dust. His breath came in sobbing sighs, and a deep pallor had spread over his face. He expected no mercy and asked for none.

Then there was a little stir in the crowd. It parted at the edge and a young boy stepped from the circle. Speaking to no one, he took up a pitcher of water from the curb of the well and approached the prisoner. Unmindful of the hostile eyes of the soldiers, he lifted the head of the prisoner and put the water to his lips. “Drink ye of this,” he said in a quiet voice. Eagerly the exhausted man quaffed the refreshing water,

gratitude shining from his eyes. Then, placing his hand on the prisoner's head, the boy spoke a simple prayer: "The God of our fathers bless and keep thee!"

"Amen!" responded the group.

His errand of mercy completed, the boy passed out through the crowd, which opened to make way for him. Jesus of Nazareth had given a cup of cold water to one of the least of his brethren.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

1. The story of the lesson is not found in the Bible, but is imaginary. Do you think it describes what Jesus would have done under such circumstances?
2. Find where in the Bible Jesus speaks about giving a cup of cold water. Learn just what he said about it. Do you suppose that Jesus had done such acts of kindness many times himself before he spoke these words for us to follow?
3. Describe briefly in your notebook at least six instances in which Jesus performed some act of service for a person who was in need.
4. Make a list in your notebook of some of the ways in which boys and girls can "give a cup of cold water" to others.
5. Write in your notebook and commit to memory Matthew 10. 42.

LESSON XIX

THE LUNCH THAT WAS SHARED

THE sun had risen bright and clear over the quaint city of Bethsaida. All the morning a strange excitement and expectancy had pervaded the quiet streets and homes. Before the dew had dried from the grass, throngs of people were pouring from the gate of the city and hastening southward toward one of the distant hills overlooking the Sea of Galilee.

The whole countryside seemed to be moving in the same direction. Farmers left their vineyards and fields, workmen deserted their tasks, and housewives laid aside their household duties and joined the hurrying groups. It was evident that some great event was at hand or under way.

The people gathered along the shore in the company noticed large numbers of the sick, the lame, and the blind among the different groups. Crippled children were carried in the strong arms of their fathers. Those who were blind were led by friends or else stumbled forward as best they could. Many of the lame were moving along painfully on crutches.

As they advanced the people encouraged each other, talking together in small groups with great earnestness. If one could have overheard the

conversation, his attention would have been attracted by one word frequently spoken in the different groups. *Jesus*

"Jesus will be able to cure you of your fever," a daughter was saying to her sick mother as she was carried along on a cot.

"We will ask Jesus to take away your lameness," a father was whispering into the ear of the child whom he carried.

"Have patience. It is not far, and Jesus will cure you so that you will no longer need crutches," a sister was urging upon her brother, who was almost fainting with weariness. They were all speaking of Jesus and the wonderful things he was doing.

This, then was the secret. Jesus, whose fame had spread throughout the length and breadth of the country, was to-day coming to the Sea of Galilee. And there on the hillside he would meet the people, teaching them, blessing them, curing their sickness, and helping them in their troubles.

James, a boy of twelve, who was helping his father mend the fishing nets by the shore, learned the great news from the first of the throng which passed by. Dashing quickly to his home nearby he cried: "Mother! may I go with the others? Jesus of Nazareth has come and is over on the hillside teaching and healing the people. Everyone is going! May brother and I go along?"

"Yes, son," said the mother, a soft light glow-

ing in her eyes, "you may go and see and hear the Master. But first, wait a moment—sometimes boys get hungry." And quickly she wrapped up some cakes and fishes and slipped them into the pocket of his tunic.

The two boys sped along over the pebbly beach toward the hillside where the crowd was now assembling.

As they approached the spot the crowd was dense around the central figure. The two boys slipped in among the people, going this way and that way until they had come close up to the Master as he stood among his disciples. A steady stream of people were constantly coming up to him, that he might place his hands upon them and say words of prayer and blessing.

"Look! Look!" shouted James, excitedly, "There is little Tim!" and sure enough, there carried in the arms of his father, was a little lame boy, who had never been able to run and play with the other children.

Jesus looked kindly into the face of the child, placed his hands upon his head and prayed for him. Then he said to the father: "Put him down on the ground. He will now be able to walk." And little Tim, his face shining with gratitude and thankfulness, walked down the pathway which the people opened for him to the edge of the crowd.

Others came and went, bringing Jesus their troubles, their sickness, or their need of help and



THE MULTIPLICATION OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES
(Murillo)

comfort. No one was turned away; each received the blessing for which he came.

At intervals Jesus talked to the people, teaching them how they must live in order to be his true followers. Hour after hour passed by, and everyone was so interested in what was going on that they all had forgotten how the time was passing.

At last one of the disciples, who had been moving about among the people, came to Jesus and said: "Master, it is growing late. Would it not be well to send the multitude away, that they may go to the villages round about and buy food?"

Then suddenly James awoke to the fact that the sun was sinking in the west, and that already the long shadows were stretching out over the dancing waters of the Sea of Galilee. And what was more, he began to feel hungry. Then it was that he thought of the lunch that his mother had given him for himself and his brother.

Just as he was about to divide it with his brother, Jesus was saying to his disciples, "They have no need to go away. Give ye them to eat."

Philip said to the Master, "Whence are we to buy bread?"

Jesus said to them, "How many loaves have ye? Go and see."

Andrew, one of the disciples, answered, "There is a lad here who has five barley cakes and two fishes." He had seen James with his lunch.

Jesus said, "Bring them to me."

For a moment James hesitated. Both boys were hungry, and there was barely enough for them. Then he saw Jesus looking at him with such a kindly smile that he quickly turned to the disciple and said, "Here is my lunch. Give it to the Master."

So Andrew took the loaves and fishes and gave them to Jesus.

Jesus said a blessing over the food, and told the disciples to have the people sit down on the grass. Then a most strange thing happened. When Jesus had blessed the food and broken it, he gave it to his disciples, and they carried it out to the great multitude of people. They all had enough to eat and still there was food to spare.

When James reached home that night he told his mother of all the exciting and wonderful events of the day. He told of the lunch which he had given over to Jesus, and through him had shared with the others.

"How glad I am that I gave what I had to him," said James. "Of course brother and I would have had enough for ourselves if we had kept our lunch, but when Jesus had taken it and had blessed it, there was enough for the whole multitude of people."

STUDY TOPICS:

1. The story of this lesson is told in all the four Gospels—Matthew, Mark, Luke,

and John. Find and read it in at least one of these.

2. Find on the map the cities from which the people came to hear Jesus. We do not know, however, the exact spot along the coast where Jesus and the company of people were assembled.
3. From the Bible account of this particular day and from what you have learned elsewhere of the work Jesus went about doing, make in your notebook a list of all the different things you think he may have done on this occasion to help others.
4. Suppose the boy who had the cakes and fishes for his lunch had refused to give them up when asked for them, what would have been the result?
5. What other things besides food may we share with others? (Kindness, good nature, etc.) Do you think that Jesus will bless the kindness, good nature, etc., which we share, and so cause them to increase as he did with the food?
6. Commit to memory Matthew 7. 12 and explain how it applies to this lesson.

LESSON XX

TEACHING HEROES HOW TO LIVE

THE beautiful Christmas story has told us how Jesus was born in Bethlehem in Judæa, and how he was taken by Joseph and Mary into Egypt to escape the wrath of Herod, who sought to take the child's life.

Upon the death of Herod the family returned to the home village of Nazareth. There Jesus grew to manhood. He had been taught at his mother's knee about God and his care for his children. He had learned from Joseph the story of Moses and Abraham and the prophets. With other children he had gone to the synagogue school and received the education given to the boys of his time. On the Sabbath and on feast days he had, with the rest of the family, attended the services in the synagogue. Growing older, he had learned a trade, as was the Jewish custom—the trade of a carpenter. He had worked with Joseph in the shop and around the village.

In short, through his childhood and youth Jesus had lived and worked and played and studied, and gone to school and church just as other children do—as the children do who read this lesson. What thoughts he may have had

and what generous deeds he may have performed during his boyhood years we do not know, for the Bible does not tell this part of the story. But at the age of about thirty he felt the call to service outside his home village. He was now ready to begin the work for which all the world remembered and blesses his name.

Bidding farewell to his family and friends, Jesus quitted the pleasant scenes of his boyhood and started southward across the country to where John the Baptist was at that time preaching and baptizing the people in the Jordan River. Here Jesus also was baptized by John.

After his baptism Jesus went by himself off into a quiet wilderness place, where he could be alone to pray to his Father and plan the work he meant to do. After forty days in this place he came back and began to teach and preach, and to comfort and heal those who needed his help.

The fame of his words and deeds rapidly spread throughout all of Palestine. Even from the distant cities of Tyre and Sidon and from across the Jordan came many persons to hear his wonderful words or to be healed. In order that he might have friends always with him and some one to help him in his work he chose twelve men who should be his disciples. The names of the followers were: Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew, his brother; James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother; Philip, and Bartholo-

mew; Thomas, and Matthew, the publican; James, the son of Alphæus, and Thaddæus; Simon, the Cananæan, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him.

Not long after Jesus began his ministry among the people he had on one occasion withdrawn from the crowds who thronged about him and with his disciples gone up into one of the nearby mountains. When he had gathered these friends about him, he taught them many beautiful lessons, which we have come to call "the Sermon on the Mount." One of the finest parts of this lesson we call the *Beatitudes*:

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which ~~are~~ persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against

you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceedingly glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

Among the other fine things which he said to his disciples and which they always remembered were these:

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother has aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Again ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by the heaven; for it is the throne of God: nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them which . . . persecute you, that ye may be children of your Father which is in heaven.

When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have

130 THE RULES OF THE GAME

glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

1. Recall the story of Jesus's birth; of his boyhood days; of his baptism and the beginning of his public ministry.
2. The teachings of Jesus which we call the "Sermon on the Mount" (nor his other teachings, for that matter) were not written down at the time they were spoken. They were *remembered* by those who listened, and long afterward put into writing for us to read. Do you not think that we should commit to our memories the fine things he said to his followers?
3. If you have not already committed to memory the Beatitudes, make that a part of this lesson. If you already have learned them, test your memory of them by writing them in your notebook.
4. Find in the fifth and sixth chapters of Matthew the "other fine things" taught by Jesus mentioned in the latter part of the

lesson. Write them in your notebook, with the chapter and verse reference.

5. If you already know the Beatitudes by heart, commit one or more of the other teachings of Jesus given in the lesson.

LESSON XXI

A WISE MAN AND A FOOLISH MAN

THERE is an old saying that "It is easier to preach than to practice." Shakespeare teaches us the same lesson when he says, "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teachings."

We learn in school certain rules about the care of our bodies: that we ought to brush our teeth night and morning, that we ought to sleep always with open windows, that we ought to sit and stand straight, that we should bathe regularly several times a week. Everybody—that is, everybody who goes to school—*knows* these rules. He knows just what he ought to do about caring for his teeth, breathing pure air, keeping good posture, and so on. But not all of us *do* these things as faithfully as we should.

Jesus knew that it would be the same way with what he taught the people who came to hear him. He knew that even after they had learned the "rules of the game" not all of them would follow them. He knew that even some of those who meant to be his friends and followers would forget and grow careless, and fail to do as he told

them to do. So to help them remember and to help us to remember he told them this story:

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

Every one, therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall thereof.

But not only did Jesus *teach* his friends how they should live in order to be happy and to make others happy, but, best of all, he *showed* them how to live. He himself, from day to day as he went about among people, was gentle and kind; he brought joy and gladness to others; he dared to do right no matter what others did or thought; he was generous and forgiving; he was loyal to

his friends; he was so forgetful of himself and so full of love for others that he finally gave his life for us. Jesus showed us by the way he lived how we must live if we would obey the "rules of the game" and live strong, fine lives.

We cannot read too often nor think too much of the wonderful story told in the Bible of how Jesus lived when he was on earth, for he lived the finest and best life that has ever been lived.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

The part of this lesson which you have just read is made short because there are a number of interesting things to be done in connection with it.

1. The caution which Jesus gave concerning the *doing* of the things he taught comes at the close of the Sermon on the Mount. In this sermon are recorded many other lessons besides the ones quoted in the last lesson. Turn to Matthew 5. 7 and pick out ten of the finest and best teachings of Jesus, copying them in your notebook, giving chapter and verse.
2. Consider how many of these "rules of the game" you can apply to yourself in your work and your play and your home life.
3. What did Jesus mean when he said, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord"?
4. Draw two pictures in your notebook, one to

illustrate the house built on a rock and the other the house built on the sand.

5. Give some instances from the life of Jesus showing him gentle and kind; showing him bringing joy and gladness to others; daring to do right even when opposed by others; forgiving those who had wronged him.
6. Test your memory of the Beatitudes and the other quotations you have learned from the Sermon on the Mount.

LESSON XXII

WHEN A NATION PLAYED THE GAME

NATIONS, like people, should be governed by the “rules of the game,” and always be fair and generous in their dealings. This lesson tells of a time when our own country protected a weaker nation from injustice and refused to profit by her misfortune. The story is about China and the Boxer uprising.

China is one of the oldest nations in the world. Long before the foremost nations of Europe had been thought of, the Chinese had a settled government and a high state of civilization. Even before the Israelites had helped build the pyramids of Egypt, and before David had slain Goliath, or Solomon had built the temple in Jerusalem, the Chinese had prosperous towns and cities, flourishing farms, and rivers filled with shipping. *Respect*

No wonder, then, that China has been proud of her history, and has thought herself ahead of other nations in many things. In later centuries, however, the Chinese have not advanced as fast as some of the younger nations. She has a rich soil and vast fields of iron and coal and other mineral wealth which have excited the envy of

other nations not so well supplied. As a result some of the European countries have tried to secure a foothold in China in order to get control of these sources of wealth. Some of the nations even wanted to divide China up among themselves. Naturally, this angered the Chinese, who not only did not want to give their country up to other nations, but who also thought themselves superior to any foreigners.

Besides this grievance, many of the Chinese, who were very superstitious, believed that the white foreigners had power by looking upon their children to cause them to go blind or to bring upon them some other misfortune. They even told stories of how the foreigners dug the eyes and hearts out of children and used them for medicine, and the ignorant and uneducated believed these horrible tales. Many of them thought that the foreigners meant to do the Chinese harm in every way they could, and that the best thing to do was to drive all the foreigners out of their country. They even turned against those of their own people who had become Christians under the teaching of the white missionaries and hated them almost as much as they did the "foreign devils."

Finally, about the close of last century there was organized, especially in the province of Shantung, a secret Chinese society called the Boxers. It was the purpose of this organization to rid China of all foreigners, and especially to attack

the Christians. The Boxer movement extended very rapidly, and soon spread from Shantung to other provinces.

In the spring of 1900 the storm broke. The signal was given and the Boxers arose and began their attack on the foreigners and the native Christians. Many missionaries and their families were brutally killed. Churches were destroyed, houses pillaged, and whole villages burned.

This beginning fanned the flames of hatred, and all over the empire arose the demand for the blood of foreigners. Every day the Boxers increased in numbers and became more bold. Mission stations were attacked, and night after night the sky was red from the glare of burning buildings. Even the officials of the foreign governments were not safe. The German ambassador was killed as he was going along the street.

The embassies of the English, French, German, and United States governments in Peking were barricaded and guards placed to defend them. But so fierce were the Boxers that these means of protection could not stand against them, and all the officials and their families, and many native Christians moved into the British legation quarter, as it was the most easily defended of the embassies. This place was fortified, and from June twentieth to August fourteenth, 1900, it was besieged night and day by the army of Boxers. Each day the garrison was

stormed by the fierce Boxers, and day by day more of the brave defenders were killed by bullets from the rifles of the enemy. Food became scarce and there was danger that the entire company would starve.

But the besieged garrison had not been forgotten by its friends. When the Boxers began their attack on the foreigners the news was flashed by telegraph and cable to the home countries. Each nation started ships and men to the relief of its endangered citizens. First, the soldiers of the British, French, Russian, United States, and Japanese armies stormed and captured the city of Tientsin. From here on August fourth, a combined army of twenty thousand men advanced on Peking for the rescue of those left alive within the besieged garrison. In ten days' time they were masters of the Boxers and the garrison at Peking was saved.

From that time on the Boxers were gradually suppressed, but many lives both of Europeans and Americans had been lost and much property destroyed. When the rebellion was finally put down and peace restored, the nations naturally looked to China to repay them for the damage which had been done and for the expense of sending their armies. Some of the nations even wanted to go farther than this and use the Boxer uprising as an excuse for partitioning China and dividing it up among them.

It was here that the United States began to

show her good will toward China. Through our distinguished Secretary of State, John Hay, the United States flatly refused to consent to the other nations taking parts of China. Our country did not believe that the "rules of the game" allow one nation to strike another just because it is down.

It was right, however, that China should pay for the damage done other nations by her own lawless bands. The different nations finally agreed not to take any of the territory of China, but to accept in payment a sum of money fixed at \$330,000,000. Of this amount the United States was to receive \$24,000,000.

Then again the United States showed that it was true to the "rules of the game," and so made us proud to be Americans. For when the government figured up the bill it was found that \$13,000,000 would cover our loss and expense. This left \$11,000,000 which had been awarded us, but which we did not feel was really ours. Our government, therefore, returned this \$11,000,000 to China, thus proving that nations, as well as persons, can show a true Christian spirit.

The Chinese nation was very grateful to America for this expression of our fairness and justness. They desired to show in some way their appreciation of our generous act in returning the money which had been awarded us. Finally, it was decided by China to take the

\$11,000,000 which had been returned to them and establish an education fund from the interest of which Chinese students should be sent to the United States to be educated.

For the first four years one hundred Chinese students each year were to be sent to our colleges and universities, and after that fifty each year. In this way the spirit of friendliness and confidence between the two countries is constantly strengthened. Do you not think that our nation has in this act set a fine example of fairness, honesty, and justice which all good Americans should follow in their dealings with others? Are you not glad to belong to a Christian nation of whose flag you can be proud?

STUDY AND DISCUSSION TOPICS:

1. Several important inventions and scientific discoveries were made by the Chinese before they were known to other nations. See whether you can discover what some of these were.
2. Ask your school or public librarian to direct you to articles or books which will give you more fully the story of the Boxer uprising and the part our nation played in putting it down, and in the settlement which followed. A book by Luella Miner, *China's Book of Martyrs*, tells the stories of Chinese Christians who stood firm for their religion in spite of persecution.

142 THE RULES OF THE GAME

3. Learn what you can about the part taken by the United States in freeing Cuba and the Philippines from oppression.
4. Tell the story of the Boxer uprising.
5. Tell the story of the payment required of China by the nations.
6. Tell the story of what China did with the money returned to her by the United States.
7. In what ways do you think the United States proved itself a Christian nation?

LESSON XXIII

WU YUAN, A CHINESE HERO

It was the evening of July 5, 1900. Smoke from burning homes and mission houses hung low over the city of Peking. The Boxer rebellion was at its height, and many Christians had been killed; some had been cruelly tortured. Hundreds of Christian refugees were gathered within the walls of the legation for protection from the frenzied mob of Boxers who sought their lives.

On every side the legation was hard pressed. "Kill! Kill! Kill!" was the horrid cry. "Kill the foreign devils! Kill the Christians!"

Here and there the spat of a rifle ball showed that the blood-thirsty Boxers were ever on the watch for a victim.

For fourteen days and nights the missionaries, the native Christians and the few soldiers within the walls had anxiously waited for the relief army to come to their rescue from Tientsin. Surely, if the captain there knew how hard they were pressed, he would send help. But the anxious days passed and no relief came. Could it be that the commander did not know the danger that threatened them? A messenger must be sent to the garrison at Tientsin with an urgent call for assistance.

"Who will go to Tientsin? Who will volunteer? Who will carry a message to Tientsin and save the lives of all within the garrison?" asked Dr. Ament, the missionary in charge of the refugees.

The men looked at each other, but none offered. Tientsin lay eighty miles away and every step of the journey was beset with extreme danger, for the Boxers were everywhere seeking for Christians that they might put them to death.

"Who will go to Tientsin? Who will risk his life for the others?"

"I will go," quietly answered a slender boy as he pushed his way out of the crowd. "I do not fear; I will go." It was Wu Yuan, a former pupil of the mission school. Several years before Wu Yuan had come from his home in Shantung and entered the Christian school. There he had learned how Jesus had given his life for others, and now Wu Yuan was offering himself for dangerous service. He did not think of being heroic; he just knew that he was needed.

When it had grown very dark the American marines, who were guarding the top of the southern wall, tied a rope around Yuan and quietly lowered him down outside. It would have taken keen eyes to recognize Yuan, who pulled the rope three times to tell his friends that all was well. He was now disguised as a beggar. In his hands he carried a bowl partly filled with porridge. Carefully concealed beneath the

porridge was a precious note wrapped in oiled silk.

Wu Yuan silently slipped away in the darkness. As he made his way out through the gate of the city he heard the noise of the guns and the roar of the mob who cried, "Down with the Christians!" His eyes were blinded by the flare of torches and the glow from burning houses. There were dead bodies in the street. There were shrieks and groans. Everywhere there were Boxer soldiers with guns or spears hunting for victims.

Fortunately, no one paid the least attention to a little beggar boy with his bowl of porridge. Wu Yuan said a prayer for God's help that he might fulfill his mission and started on his way.

At first he followed close after an old vendor of porridge, as if he were begging from him. Soon, however, he struck out boldly by himself along the Great Road that leads to Tientsin.

Wu Yuan thought that when once he got away from the city and out in the country the way might be clear. But no. All day he passed scenes of destruction. Homes were smoldering, and crops were being burned in the fields. Always there were soldiers hunting for fleeing Christians.

"We must kill them all—men, women, and children," they said. "We must not even leave a dog or cat that belongs to them!"

The soldiers were too busy to notice the beggar

boy with his bowl of porridge. And Wu Yuan hurried on as fast as he could.

Late the second day out Wu Yuan came suddenly on a group of Boxer soldiers, who seized him and took him to their chief.

"Where are you going?" growled the chief.

"To Tientsin," replied Wu Yuan.

"Search him," said the chief.

But the beggar lad was wise. He had hidden his precious message within a garter around his ankle. The soldiers searched his clothes very carefully, but found nothing.

"Put him at work," commanded the chief.

For eight days Wu Yuan was kept a prisoner and forced to work for the Boxers. Then he was ill and unable to get up.

"He is homesick. Give him some money and let him go," said one of the soldiers. They gave him five cents and set him free. Sick though he was, Wu Yuan was quickly on his way to Tientsin.

Three days later a dirty, hungry boy, more dead than alive, staggered through the gates of Tientsin and weakly inquired for the British headquarters. After some delay his message was delivered and he was taken to the office of the British consul. Here he told the sad plight of the missionaries and the soldiers in Peking. "Please send help quickly," was his plea.

The consul assured Wu Yuan that the army of relief would soon be on its way, and asked him

to carry a message back to Peking. Without waiting to rest the weary boy gladly started on his return journey. He traveled much by night, and avoided cities and groups of soldiers. Without special adventure he reached the outskirts of Peking.

But now a new difficulty confronted him. The Boxer soldiers were closely besieging the walls of the legation. Their lines were closely drawn and the fire of their guns continuous. From early morning until late afternoon Wu Yuan tried to discover a place where he could find his way past the enemy. As night drew on he found a spot where the houses were close enough to offer partial protection. He decided to risk a dash. The guns went Bang! Bang! and the bullets whizzed. But Wu Yuan passed through in safety and sped on toward the legation headquarters.

He reached a bridge near the legation and waited for the dawn. Just as it became light he was sharply challenged by an American soldier. "Don't shoot!" cried Wu Yuan. "I am a messenger from Tientsin."

Wu Yuan was hurried within the barracks where he delivered the welcome message that a large army was coming to the relief of the besieged garrison. A rousing cheer was given for the little Chinese hero, and many crowded around him to congratulate him and thank him for their deliverance.

148 THE RULES OF THE GAME

But Wu Yuan said: "It was nothing. I only did my duty. I am hungry. May I have a bowl of rice?"

Adapted from China's Book of Martyrs, by Luella Miner.

TOPICS FOR INVESTIGATION:

1. Locate on a map the cities mentioned in this lesson. In your notebook draw a map of the eastern section of China, locating Peking and Tientsin. How far are they apart?
2. Tell the story of the siege in the city of Peking.
3. Tell the story of the part played by Wu Yuan. At what point do you think he showed the greatest courage? Do you like him better for not boasting about his exploit?
4. Do you know of any other instances in China or elsewhere where Christian missionaries have shown coolness and courage in face of danger? The story, China's Book of Martyrs, tells of the bravery of the Chinese Christians under the Boxer persecution.
5. When Jesus told his followers to go and carry his message to all nations, do you suppose he knew they would meet hardship and danger? Had they been unwilling to suffer for his sake, do you think

the gospel would have spread as it has?
Let us remember that not only Jesus gave
his life, but most of the twelve disciples
gave their lives for his cause, and that
many of his followers have done so since.

CHAPTER XXIV

TWO THOUSAND MILES FOR A BOOK

MANY, many years ago, while the great West was still an unexplored wilderness, there lived in the Oregon Country a tribe of Indians called the Nez Percés ("Pierced Noses"). They had never seen white men nor heard of the white man's God nor of heaven.

Then it happened that two noted explorers, Lewis and Clark, with a small band of followers, made a journey westward across the continent. In course of time they came to what is now Idaho, which was inhabited by the Nez Percés. The Indians were friendly to the white men, to whom they talked through an interpreter. Other white men soon followed, and there was a fort built on the Columbia River. On Sundays a flag was flown above the buildings of the fort. The Indians asked what the flag meant and were told that it was displayed in honor of its being Sunday. They were puzzled until a kind-hearted man explained to them the meaning of Sunday and also told them something about God and the Bible.

The Nez Percé braves put their heads together and decided that the white men were great and powerful because of their religion. The Indians

wanted to learn more about religion from the white man's Book, which they called "The Book of Heaven," but which they had never seen. Some day, the Indians were told, missionaries would come from the country of the rising sun and tell them all about this Book.

But years passed by and no one came to bring them the Book or tell them more of the story of the white man's God. At last one of the aged men of the Nez Percé tribe spoke thus: "They do not come to us with the Book, why do we not go to them? It is a hard trail of many moons, but we must have the Book."

So it was decided in the council that they should send messengers to the land of the rising sun for a copy of the Book. Volunteers were called for, and four men were selected, two who were old and two who were young. Speaking-Eagle was the leader because he was the eldest and a chief. Man-of-the-Morning, another of the older men, was an important personage in his tribe. Rabbit-Skin-Leggings, a youth, was the nephew of Speaking-Eagle. No-Horns-on-His-Head was only about twenty years old, but he was as much in earnest in seeking for the Book as the others.

After a solemn meeting of the tribe and a farewell the four travelers set out on their two-thousand-mile journey to an unknown land to find the Book. After months of dangerous and weary travel, filled with many hardships, they

came to the fort called Saint Louis, where the large city now stands. This was the first town they had ever seen. Silently they made their way on moccasined feet through the streets until they came to the headquarters of General Clark, who was in command of the barracks.

General Clark received his guests very courteously and waited to learn of their errand. Days passed, however, and still the Indians said nothing about the purpose of their visit. General Clark waited patiently until the Indians should feel sufficiently at home to give their message. At last they told him of their search. They wanted the white man's Book of Heaven. Would General Clark give it to them? They wanted to know of God as the white man knew him; would he tell them? They wanted a teacher who would go with them to their home and open to them the mysteries of the Book; would he send one?

General Clark was himself a Christian and told them as best he could about God. But he had no Bible in any language which the Indians could read. Nor did he have any missionaries at the barracks whom he could send with them. All winter the Nez Percé braves waited, hoping to learn more than had yet been told them. While they still waited Speaking-Eagle sickened and died. His journey was ended, but he had not found the Book. Not long after this Man-of-the-Morning also died.

When the spring came again, although they had not been able to find the Book, the two remaining braves made up their minds to start on their long journey back to their home valley. On the night before their departure General Clark gave them a banquet in his home. After the meal was over he asked No-Horns-on-His-Head to speak to the guests. This is the speech which he made:

"I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly opened for my people who sit in darkness. I will go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry much back to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were the braves of many snows and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great waters and tepees. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins worn out.

"My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me to where they worshiped the Great Spirit with candles, but the Book was not there. You showed me images of the Great Spirit and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them. Tell me the way. I am going back the long trail to my people in the dark land. When I tell my

poor, blind people after one more snow in the big council that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness and they will go on a long path to other hunting grounds. No white man's Book will make the way plain."

And so with this sad farewell the two Nez Percé braves started on the return trip. They had gone but a little way, however, when No-Horns-on-His-Head sickened and died and only Rabbit-Skin-Leggings remained. Finally he reached home and was greeted by his tribe. When he told them that he had been unable to find the white man's Book in a language they could read, they listened to him in sorrow and quietly arose and left the council.

A great many years have passed since then, and we have sent to the Nez Percés the Bible translated into language which the Indians can read. Many missionaries have gone out to them and taught them from the Book for which they risked their lives through two thousand miles of wilderness.

Adapted from John T. Faris in Winning the Oregon Country.

STUDY QUESTIONS:

1. When did Lewis and Clark make their expedition to the Oregon Country? From

where did they start? What was their purpose? What dangers and hardships did they meet? What were some of the more important tribes of Indians then inhabiting the West?

2. Locate on a map the town of Nez Percé, Idaho, which was named from the tribe of Indians. Also locate Fort Lapwai, which is situated on an Indian reservation in western Idaho.
3. Trace the route probably taken by the Nez Percé messengers in their trip to Fort Saint Louis for the Book.
4. Explain these sentences from the address made by No-Horns-on-His-Head: "I came with an eye partly opened for my people who sit in darkness." "I will go back with both eyes closed." "I go back with both arms broken and empty." "You took me to where they worshiped the Great Spirit with candles, but the Book was not there." "My people will die in darkness."
5. Suppose we had no Bible which we could read, how would it affect our religion? Do you think we appreciate and use our Bible as much as we should?
6. How much of the Bible have you ever read or studied? See whether you can discover in about how many different languages the Bible has been printed.

LESSON XXV

THE HEROINE OF THE LAND OF SILENCE AND DARKNESS

IN southern Alabama stands a little cottage overrun with ivy and roses and sweet honeysuckle. Here in this haunt of birds and bees and fragrant flowers a little child was born. The father and mother loved their baby, and were each day more pleased as she played with her pink toes and began to chatter away to the fairies in the sunbeams. When a year old she walked from her mother's arms toward the shadows on the floor. At a year and a half she could cry out, "How do you do?" to the delight of those about. Each day brought some new joy to her and to the hearts of her parents.

But during the second year there came a terrible sickness. The fever finally left, but with it went both sight and hearing. Little Helen was left both blind and deaf. From that time on she lived in a land of perpetual silence and darkness.

Gradually Helen became used to the new land. She still loved to be out of doors in the sunlight and found much fun playing with her dolls with her two faithful companions, the old setter dog and Martha Washington, the little colored girl. She went about the place finding her way as best she could, and learning how to get along without

her eyes and ears. She fed the hens and turkeys that thronged about the door, went to the stable where the horses were kept and to the yard where the cows were milked morning and evening.

Sometimes the love of mischief controlled the small Helen. One day when she learned the use of the door key, she found her mother in the pantry and quietly locked the door. For three hours her mother remained a prisoner while Helen played about the dooryard quietly enjoying her joke.

Helen's lack of sight kept her from coming to know the world of objects about her as we know them. Her lack of hearing kept her from learning to talk, for we first learn our speech by imitating the speech of others as we hear it.

So, when Helen reached the age at which you began school, her mind was still very much of blank. She was not only unable to talk, but did not even know what speech meant. She did not know that things have names and had not learned the name of a single object about her. She had no way of asking for what she wanted or of making her needs known. She knew nothing whatever of the blue of the sky, the gold of the sunset, or the color of birds and flowers. She had never within her memory heard the sound of a voice, the song of a bird, nor the tones of music.

Then one day came the most important event in Helen's life. As she was seated on the porch, she felt the approach of someone and found her-

self in the arms of Miss Sullivan, her new teacher, who had come all the way from Boston to help Helen learn the things which other children easily learn for themselves. Her teacher placed a doll in Helen's hands and at the same time spelled in the palm of her hand the word d-o-l-l. Helen enjoyed the play of Miss Sullivan's finger over the palm of her hand, but did not realize that it stood for a word.

One day, Helen and her teacher were out by the pump. As the cool water came flowing out from the spout it ran over Helen's hands. Her teacher spelled with her finger tips on the palm of Helen's hand w-a-t-e-r. For a moment Helen stood as if in a dream, and then there came to her the realization that these letters stood for the cold liquid that had poured over her hand; she knew that w-a-t-e-r stood for the cool, flowing thing. Now she awakened to a new world. For the first time she knew that the things about her have names. She wanted to know the name of everything, and courageously she set at work to conquer this new world of words. It was a slow and tedious process, but Helen was eager to learn, and went at it with all her might.

After she had learned a number of words by having them spelled on her hand, her teacher began to teach her to read from cardboard letters which were pinned on the object for which the word stood. In this way Helen learned many new words.

The favorite schoolroom for Helen and her teacher was a wharf down by the Tennessee River. Here they went day after day to have their lesson. They built dams of pebbles and made lakes and rivers. They formed mountains and planted forests of trees. In the meantime Miss Sullivan told Helen on her fingers of burning mountains, called volcanoes, of buried cities and strange peoples far away. Sometimes a plant or a shell formed the lesson for the day. Helen listened to her soft touch while Miss Sullivan told her of the world of animals, and of the earth and the sky and the secrets of the flowers and the beauty of everything that goes to make up our interesting world. As she smelled the magnolia and felt the soft velvety petals of the rosebud, she thanked God for this wonderful world.

So the days slipped by and Helen learned to read by her finger tips from the raised letters for the blind. She studied many interesting things and finally began to learn even Latin and German and French. She traveled with her teacher to the North, going to Boston and to Plymouth Rock, where the Pilgrims landed.

All this time, however, Helen had not learned to talk, nor could she read the speech of others except when letters were spelled out on their fingers. Finally she heard of a deaf and blind girl in the far-away land of Norway who had learned to talk. She then resolved that she

also would learn to talk. It was a tremendous task, for she could not hear how the words were sounded; she could not see how the lips formed the speech. She could not even hear the sound of her own voice. But others had succeeded and so would she.

Then began the hardest part of Helen Keller's education, that of learning to talk without being able to hear. The method was for Helen to place her finger tips in such a way that she could feel the position of the lips and the throat of the speaker. In this way she learned how the sounds are made by the organs of speech, and then she tried to repeat the sound. Sometimes she would work hours and hours until she felt the proper ring of the sound coming through her throat. She labored day and night to accomplish a task which the rest of us master without effort. At last she learned to speak, and she also learned to read the speech of others by placing her finger tips on their lips and throat.

As Helen gradually overcame one obstacle after another she dreamed of still further worlds to conquer. Although she could neither hear nor see, she determined that she would go to college. Although she was blind and deaf and had barely learned to speak, and although there were few books with raised letters such as the blind read with their finger tips, she had made up her mind and never wavered.

When she was sixteen years old she went to

Cambridge to prepare to enter Radcliffe College. Her tasks here became very much harder than they had been before. Besides French and German and Latin, there were Greek and physics and algebra to learn. Anyone less determined would have given up in despair. Sometimes, no doubt, Helen grew weary when she knew that other girls were out playing in the warm sunlight while she must study hour after hour within her room. But at last her determination ended in victory and she was admitted to Radcliffe.

A number of years passed, and then one beautiful summer day came her graduation from college. She had proved herself the master of every branch that other girls study and had made a fine record in all her studies. Helen Keller's wonderful struggle against odds has made her many friends not only in this country, but all around the world. In spite of being blind and deaf, she is to-day a finely educated young woman. She knows several languages and has written interesting books which are read by thousands of people.

Do you not think that those of us who can hear and see ought to refuse to call any task hard when we remember that Helen Keller learned all the many things she knows without the use of either eyes or ears. Ought we not to thank the heavenly Father for the many beautiful things that we can see and hear, and be glad of the interesting world about us.

162 THE RULES OF THE GAME

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

1. Tell the story of Helen Keller's life. What do you think must have been the hardest thing for her to learn or do?
2. It is said that "we never miss the water till the well runs dry." Have someone blindfold your eyes and try for ten minutes to go about the house, or do your work, or eat a meal.
3. Have both ears tightly stopped with cotton and then go among people and notice how helpless you are when you cannot understand them. While your ears are stopped, have your eyes blindfolded. Now how do you get along?
4. While your ears are stopped watch closely the lips of a person who is speaking to see whether you can understand what is being said. Many deaf persons learn to read speech in this way. While blindfolded, try placing your finger tips on the lips and throat of a person who is speaking. Can you read any of the words?
5. Do you wonder that Jesus wanted to help the blind and deaf? Do you think we ought to be especially kind to all who are afflicted in this way? Where in the Bible is there a story of Jesus curing a blind man?

LESSON XXVI

BOYHOOD IN ANCIENT TARSUS

AT the time when Jesus was a boy in his Nazareth home and a pupil in the synagogue school of the village, there lived in the famous old city of Tarsus, about three hundred miles to the north, another boy whose name was Paul. These two boys were about the same age, though perhaps Paul was a year or two younger than Jesus. These boys never met, though their names were later to be closely connected and both were to give their lives to the same great cause.

The city of Paul's birth was rich and prosperous. To its wharves came ships bringing merchandise from distant countries, and carrying away the products given in exchange.

The boys of Tarsus, like the boys of our own land, loved to watch the ships as they came and went with their mysterious cargoes. We may picture Paul and his playmates as they explored the wharves, finding their way among the stacks of hides, the bundles of wool, and the packages of coarse cloth ready for transport. From the dark hold of a ship they saw great blocks of marble hoisted out and brought forth for the builders. Into another ship went sacks of grain

and fine wool. Patient donkeys stood waiting to be relieved of their loads of bulging leathern bottles filled with oil, or of fat earthenware jars of sparkling wine.

Standing at the edge of the wharf, the boys watched the ropes cast off and the boats one by one slowly move out from the shore and down the river toward the great Mediterranean, a few miles away. Now and then they waved farewell as the yellow sail bulged with the wind and the ship gained headway. As Paul watched them go, he dreamed of the day when he should be grown and sail away on one of these strange boats and see the world outside. Perhaps he would even go to Jerusalem, the Holy City, for Paul's parents were devout Pharisees, and they planned that their son should become a great and learned rabbi.

This meant that Paul must be very carefully taught in all the laws and traditions of the Jews. As a child at his mother's knee he had heard the thrilling stories of the Hebrew prophets and leaders. At the age of five he began learning by heart the verses of the writings of Moses and the traditions and teachings of the scribes.

When he reached the age of six he went with the other children to the synagogue school, and a strange school it was. There were no seats to sit in, nor even books to study from, and no pictures hung on the walls. There was neither pencil nor paper, although sometimes they wrote

in the sand. Paul never learned a lesson in geography, nor science, nor language, as do the pupils of to-day; and if he had arithmetic, it was of the most simple kind. The rabbi, or teacher, sat at one end of the room on a raised platform with a brilliant kerchief coiled around his head. The children sat cross-legged on the floor before him. In a monotonous, singsong voice the teacher repeated a verse from the Scripture and the children shouted it after him. Sometimes the teacher read from a great scroll the lessons from the Law, and these were thoroughly memorized.

Besides the books of the Law and the explanation of these by the scribes, there were also countless rules for governing the conduct. Paul was told how and what to do on all occasions. Here are some of the rules he must observe:

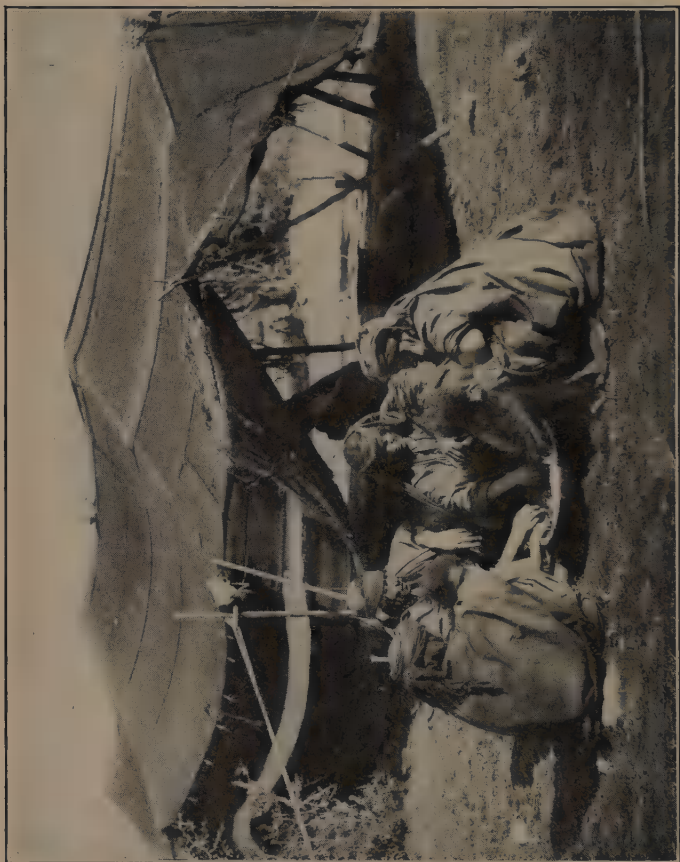
On the Sabbath, which began Friday night at the going down of the sun and closed Saturday at sunset, he must never light nor put out a fire. To pluck the ears of grain or rub them between the hands to shell out the grains would be to thresh and reap, and this was not allowed on the Sabbath. He must not walk more than half a mile. He must never carry anything, not even in his pockets. On the Sabbath he could wear on his feet only sandals, never shoes, nor slippers nor boots. The sandal could be tied on with only one knot. On every day when praying he must turn his face toward Jerusalem. These and

scores of other rules must be learned and observed if he would be a worthy Jew.

Again, at the festival time, there were many things to remember and do. The chief festival was the passover, which came in the spring. On that day the mother carefully swept the house in every nook and cranny, that there might be no crumbs of bread anywhere in it. After the going down of the sun the only bread used was unleavened (without yeast), such as the children of Israel had used when going out of Egypt. Paul would help his mother prepare the passover cakes and the bitter herbs. In the afternoon, father, mother, and children went to the synagogue, where the learned priest told again the familiar story of the last night in Egypt when the death angel passed over the land. On the return home, when the first evening star appeared, the father closed the door and sat down with his family to eat the roast lamb and cakes and herbs. Thus was the passover celebrated each year.

Aside from his school work and memorizing all of these rules Paul must learn a trade, as did all Jewish boys. His father was a wealthy tent-maker, and naturally Paul was expected to learn how to make tents.

"Come, son," called Paul's father one morning, "we must go to the mountains to buy more wool." Paul was to learn tent-making from the beginning. Gladly he prepared for the journey. The pack horses were made ready, and before night-



A TENT SUCH AS SAINT PAUL LEARNED TO MAKE

fall they were far away among the jagged peaks of the Taurus Mountains. Here in the little green valleys the shepherds lived with their long-haired goats. The shearing season was over and the father soon purchased a large amount of the tough, coarse wool. Then the pack animals were loaded and they set out on the return journey.

When they arrived home, Paul began to learn the trade of weaving and tent-making. First he helped comb and dye the wool. Then he worked in the open sheds with the women as they spun the wool and wound it on the spindles. In time his father taught him to weave. What a thrill of joy it brought as the shuttle darted back and forth and the roll of firmly woven cloth grew larger and larger. Finally he learned to make the cloth into tents. With a large needle, he sewed the folds of cloth together to make them water proof and secure against the wind. When the tent was completed he had fashioned a home for some Arab away in the desert sands.

When Paul reached the age of thirteen he became "of age," and was called a "son of the Law." This meant that he had learned the law well enough to be held responsible for observing it. He would be punished in the synagogue court if he failed to obey it.

One day he stood before the people in the dimly lighted synagogue while the white-haired priest bound on his left arm a little black box.

There were two long strips of leather attached. These were wound seven times about the arm down to the hand and tied about the middle finger. Within this box, or *phylactery*, were written thirty verses in old Hebrew, and a part read: "It shall be for a sign unto thee upon thine hand and between thine eyes that the law of the Lord may be in thy mouth. Thou shalt diligently keep the commandments of God and his laws." Then with the blessing of the priest and the well wishes of the people Paul passed out of the synagogue—a *man*.

The great event of the future was the day when he should leave his home in Tarsus and go up to the Holy City, Jerusalem, to study at the feet of the most learned doctor, Gamaliel. The youth was impatient to start, as now he had finished his studies here. He had not long to wait. At the time of the feast in Jerusalem he bade farewell to his home and friends and with his parents set out. Now he was beginning a new era in his life, which was to make him one of the greatest apostles of Jesus and a founder of Christian churches.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:

1. Locate on the map the home city of Paul and of Jesus. Through what countries would you have to travel in passing from one to the other? Under what country's rule was the city of Tarsus? How did this

fact affect Paul in an incident which occurred later in his life?

2. Describe the synagogue school which Paul attended. What did the pupils study? What was the method used?
3. It was the Jewish custom to teach all the boys a trade. Describe the trade Paul learned.
4. Describe the ceremony by which a Jewish son was admitted into the ranks of manhood. In the cyclopedia or other reference work learn about the *phylactery*.
5. Paul, when he grew to manhood, was trained to become a rabbi. In the cyclopedia or elsewhere learn about the rabbis and what their duties were.
6. Give as complete a description as you can of Paul's boyhood days.

LESSON XXVII

PAUL CHANGES HIS PLANS

THE great temple at Jerusalem gleamed in the afternoon sunlight of a day several years after the death of Jesus. The broad courts surrounding the temple were nearly deserted, though here and there small groups could be seen talking together or walking to and fro. In one of the smaller courts a group of Pharisees were in earnest conversation. Evidently some matter of importance was being discussed. Voices excited and angry could occasionally be heard across the enclosure.

"It must be stopped," sternly spoke one of the rabbis. "This blasphemy has gone far enough. We must stamp the Christians out root and branch! Send to arrest the leader some one who will show no mercy, but bring them all to the bar of justice."

The cause of this outbreak was a letter that had just been received from Damascus, telling how the followers of Jesus were growing very rapidly in numbers in that city, and how the authority and position of the rabbis were in danger by the spread of the new faith.

So the Christians must be persecuted. They must be arrested and placed on trial. Those who

would not deny their religion must be thrown to the wild beasts in the arena. All this was agreed upon by the group of Pharisees. The only question was who would be the best representative to send to Damascus to wage a war of persecution on the Christians. With one consent they turned to Paul. Here was their leader, a very learned man and a rabbi, who had shown great zeal against the new faith. So from all sides came the demand, "Send Paul! Send Paul of Tarsus!"

Paul consented. He went to the high priest and secured letters which gave him authority to arrest anyone he found in the city of Damascus who believed that Jesus was the Christ. The prisoners he arrested were to be taken in chains to the city of Jerusalem and there tried.

Upon receiving his commission Paul lost no time. Two days later he and his little band of followers rode out through the gate and started northward on their journey toward Damascus. Many of his brethren saluted him as he passed by and wished him success. There was no doubt that Paul was the best man to send against the Christians, for in the city of Jerusalem had he not gone from house to house and dragged the Christians, both men and women, before the court where they had been sentenced to the prisons until they were full and overflowing? And it was certain that Paul would do even better in the city of Damascus than he had done in Jerusalem.

So, bearing the authority of the high priest, the group traveled rapidly along the valley of the Jordan and passed the blue Sea of Galilee. They struck boldly across the burning sands of the desert, and at length neared their journey's end.

Suddenly, as they rode along the way not far from Damascus, an astounding thing happened. There shone round about the company a light so bright that it dimmed the very brightness of the sun. Paul, stunned, fell to the earth. He heard a voice saying to him, "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goad." And Paul, answering, said, "Who art thou, Lord?" The voice replied, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

When Paul arose from the earth, he discovered that he was completely blind. So helpless was he that his companions took him by the hand and led him into the city of Damascus, where for three days the humbled persecutor of Christians remained utterly without sight.

During these days Paul had time to think much of the past and the future. As a leader of the Pharisees he held high place. He was sent on important missions, and was noted for the zeal with which he supported the Law and opposed the Christians. But might it be that he was mistaken? Was it possible that the Christians were right and that he was wrong? Was the voice



which he had heard on the way really a message from God warning him that he himself should become a Christian?

If he turned Christian, he must expect the persecutions which he had been meting out to others. Yet Paul had always been true to his conscience, and had always been able to say, "What I believe to be right, that will I do regardless of the cost."

The third day of his blindness there came to Paul a follower of Jesus named Ananias. Laying his hands on him, Ananias said, "Brother Paul, the Lord, even Jesus, who appeared unto thee in the way, hath sent me, that thou mayest receive thy sight and be baptized in his name." And even while this man was speaking Paul received his sight. He was soon baptized in the name of the Christ, and at once began to work for the cause which he had so recently been fighting against. He began teaching in the synagogues that Jesus was the Christ, and that all should become Christians.

At first those followers of Jesus who heard him could scarce believe that Paul, their enemy, had become their friend. "Is not this our persecutor?" they said. "Is not this he that made havoc of them in Jerusalem which called on His name? Did he not come hither that he might bring them bound before the chief priests?"

But Paul with his great learning and his skill in speech went into all the synagogues and proved

to many Jews that Jesus was the Christ. As a result of his preaching, many new disciples were added to the church. Then the followers of Jesus received him gladly, and he remained with them a welcome guest for some time.

At length, however, the Jews began to plot how they might silence this man who had turned enemy to their cause. They saw that Paul was one of the most ardent Christians, and that he was securing many followers for the new church. The Jews therefore took counsel how they might put him to death. Guards were placed at every gate, both day and night, that they might take him as he attempted to pass. The plot, however, became known to Paul and his friends, and they planned his first escape. One dark night they brought him to the wall of the city and lowered him down on the outside in a basket. In this way he escaped and fled in safety, and in other places took up the cause of the Christians.

Thus the persecutor, Paul, when he had become converted to the Christian faith, became one of the foremost apostles of the Christ and the foremost missionary of the Christians to other nations.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:

1. Read the story of Paul's conversion as told in the ninth chapter of the Acts. The Hebrew form of Paul's name was

“Saul,” which accounts for the fact that he is sometimes called Saul in the Bible.

2. Tell in your own words the story of Paul's trip and his conversion.
3. When Paul became convinced that he had been wrong in persecuting the Christians, and that Jesus was the Christ, what did he do? Do you admire a person who when shown that he was mistaken owns up and takes the other side?
4. How do you suppose the Pharisees, who had sent Paul to arrest Christians, felt toward him when they learned that he had gone over to the side of the Christians? Do you think that Paul must have had a good deal of courage to offend them?
5. Remember that Paul was well educated. He had studied under the best teachers of his day. Do you think that this education helped him as he went out to work for the cause of Christ? Do not forget that Paul became the greatest preacher and missionary of his day.

LESSON XXVIII

IN LABORS ABUNDANT

THE persecutor who had gone about breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the Christians had now himself become a devout follower of the Christ. Having learned the teachings of Jesus from the disciples, Paul wanted time to think the matter over and plan the work he meant to do.

So he went off into the desert of Arabia and remained there three years. Returning from the desert, he went to the regions about his home and began to preach and to teach. For seven years he labored here until the work was well established. Then he began to think of new fields where the gospel had not been heard. Finally, with Barnabas and the youthful Mark, he set out on his first great missionary tour.

Leaving the ancient city of Antioch, near Tarsus, they proceeded to the island of Cyprus. This they traversed in a short time and then turned northwest toward the mainland. One fine morning their sailing vessel thrust into the harbor of Perga. Most of the inhabitants had deserted the low coast-land city and gone to the mountains to live. There was little opportunity here to work.

"What shall we do?" asked Mark.

"Let us journey on northward to the other city of Antioch," replied Paul. (NOTE: There were two Antiochs.) Having been brought up not far from this place he knew of the hardships and dangers of such a trip.

"We will find a band of merchants or shepherds who are journeying in that direction over the mountains," he said, looking toward the foreboding peaks. "No man ever attempts to travel that road alone. Wild animals lurk in the dark caverns and there many robber bands are hidden."

By good fortune they happened on a company of merchants who were about to set out with their guard to the city of Antioch. Paul and his comrades were welcomed to join them on the way.

But Mark had lost courage when he heard of the difficulties and dangers, and decided to turn back. So, bidding him farewell, Paul, with Barnabas, boldly set out on his perilous mission.

Up through the mountain passes they went, keeping a sharp lookout for the robbers. Sometimes they saw a lone sentinel of a fierce band hasten away over a distant crag to inform his companions. At night they heard the doleful cry of the hyena and the howl of the wolf echo through the mountains. But a strong guard kept away the robber bands and a fire at night held off the wild beasts. Finally, without mishap, they arrived in the city of Antioch.

At Antioch, Paul, as was his custom, began to

speaking in the synagogue and tell the people of Jesus. Many believed because of his mighty words. But when the Jews learned what was taking place they became jealous, and plotted against Paul and Barnabas. Soon the two missionaries were forced to leave the city, but not until many had accepted the teachings of Jesus.

They journeyed down the well-paved Roman highway and finally came to the city of Iconium. As they entered the gates of this place they saw a man sitting by one of the heathen temples who had been lame from his birth. Paul felt sorry for the poor man and prayed God that he would heal him. The prayer was answered, and the man was made whole. When the people saw it they cried out, "The gods have come down to us," and were about to offer sacrifices to them. But Paul and Barnabas rushed in among them and forbade them doing such idolatrous things. They began to tell them of the true God, and the people heard them gladly. But the Jews of Iconium followed them and stirred up the people of Lystra, saying: "These men are not gods but demons. Beware lest some evil befall you!"

When the people heard this they fell upon Paul, and, having stoned him, dragged him out of the city apparently dead. But he soon revived, and with Barnabas went on to the city of Derbe.

After preaching here many days, they decided to depart. Had they chosen, they might have gone southward through the mountain pass

and soon been back at home. But Paul turned his face westward and went straight back through the cities where they had just been so cruelly treated. By this courageous act he was able to strengthen the Christian converts and encourage them to be steadfast. After a time he and his fellow worker returned to the city of Antioch from whence they had started.

Weary from the journey of fourteen hundred miles, Paul here spent many days in rest. But in time he desired to go again to the churches he had established on his former trip. Taking Silas as his companion this time, he set forth. They journeyed northward from Antioch and passed through the same cities they had visited on their first missionary tour. Then he struck westward and pushed on to the coast, where he came to the city of ancient Troy, or Troas.

While at Troy, Paul had a vision in which he saw a man in Macedonia beckoning, "Come over into Macedonia and help us!" Believing this to be God's will, he set out. After landing in Macedonia he and Silas went to the city of Philippi, and remained many days there preaching and teaching.

It so happened that at this place Paul healed a young girl of that city who brought her masters much money by fortune-telling. When the masters found, after her cure, that the girl could no longer make money for them by her fortune-telling, they caught Paul and Silas and dragged

them before the magistrates, saying, "These men, being Jews, do greatly trouble our city and teach things that are not right for us to do." Whereupon the people and the rulers became furious and beat the two Christians with many stripes, after which they thrust them into prison in the inner keep, or dungeon. There, with backs bruised and bleeding, they were fastened in the stocks and left for the night.

But during the night these men of God began to sing and thank God for his kindness. And there came an earthquake shock, and the prison doors swung open. The chains fell from off the hands of the prisoners and they were free.

The jailer rushed in and when he saw the prisoners gone was about to fall on his sword, thinking they had escaped and that his life would be the forfeit. But Paul cried out, "Do thyself no harm, we are all here!"

Then the prison keeper took Paul and Silas into his home, asking how he might become a Christian. Paul, forgetting the bruises and pain, gladly told him of the Christ, and the man was baptized and those of his household. Then did he carefully bind up Paul's wounds and set food before them. On the morrow they were liberated and sent on their way.

From this time forth Paul went from city to city in Greece, establishing churches and gaining converts. They passed through the cities of Thessalonica and on to Athens. In this beauti-

ful city he made a remarkable speech on the top of Mars Hill. The people of Athens had many gods, but Paul told them of the one true God whom they had not known how to worship. After these things they left Athens and came to the city of Corinth. Here, with a Jew named Aquila and his wife, Priscilla, Paul stayed for nearly two years, and worked at his ancient trade of tent-making. Then, bidding his friends farewell, he set sail for Ephesus, where he remained until all the people of these parts heard the gospel.

Thus, with labors abundant, going from city to city and telling them of the word of God, did Paul serve the Master whom he had once persecuted. Many other journeys did Paul take and many adventures did he have besides the ones here recounted.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

1. Paul made, in all, four great missionary journeys. This lesson briefly describes the first two. Trace on the map each of these journeys. Remember that there were two Antiochs. Be sure to locate these.
2. After drawing an outline map of Asia Minor and Southern Europe in your notebook, locate from memory the places named in the lesson. Then correct from the printed map.
3. When you have your notebook map cor-

182 THE RULES OF THE GAME

rected, show by dotted and dashed lines the two journeys described in the lesson.

4. Tell from memory the different adventures Paul met on these two journeys and the things he did.
5. What do you find to admire about Paul on these trips? Do you think he is showing as much zeal now for the cause of Christ as he formerly showed in persecuting his followers?

LESSON XXIX

STEADFAST TO THE END

PAUL, an aged apostle, was nearing the close of his career. Many years had he spent in traveling up and down the coasts of the Mediterranean, founding churches and preaching the gospel. He had crossed from Asia Minor to Greece, and in the cities of Philippi and Corinth had suffered much hardship as a good soldier of the cross. Besides his work in founding the churches, he visited them afterward, and in his absence wrote them letters which to-day we read as a part of the New Testament.

On one of his last trips Paul, with his companion Luke, went to the city of Jerusalem. It was here that, many years before, he had studied under the celebrated teacher, Gamaliel, and prepared to be a rabbi. Now, Paul who had not forgotten his early teachings, went up to the temple and began the ceremony of purification, as required by the law of Moses. It so happened that on this day there were in the temple a group of fanatical Jews from Asia Minor, his ancient enemies. When they saw Paul in the temple they immediately began crying out: "This man is polluting the Holy Place! Drive out the impostor! Away with the Christian!"

In a few moments Paul was surrounded by a

howling, jostling mob who began dragging him into the court of the Gentiles, there to stone him to death, as Stephen had been killed.

The Roman captain Lysias heard the tumult and sent a band of soldiers to the place. They rushed upon the mob, and seizing upon Paul, led him away to the great stone tower of Antonia for safe keeping. But his enemies were still plotting how they might kill him, and forty-two of them entered into a compact that they would neither eat nor drink until they put an end to Paul's life.

Now, it chanced that there was in the temple a nephew of Paul who overheard the plotters. Creeping closer, he hid behind a stone pillar and listened as they made their plans. They schemed to have Paul brought to trial and planned how they would fall upon him and kill him as he was being brought to the court.

When the lad had heard the plans of Paul's enemies he made his way to the prison and asked of the keeper that he be allowed to see his uncle. Upon telling Paul the story, he was at once sent to the chief captain to whom he revealed the plot. Late that night, when the dark clouds were scudding across the sky, the castle gate opened silently and a large band of soldiers passed quickly out. In their midst was the aged Christian warrior, Paul, who was being conducted to the city of Cæsarea, about seventy miles away, where he would be kept safe from his murderous enemies.

Here again Paul was put in prison. When he was brought to trial no cause was found for punishing him, but the governor, Festus, desiring to keep the good will of the Jews, decided to send Paul back to Jerusalem.

Paul, knowing that this would mean sure death at the hands of his enemies, and being a Roman citizen, demanded the privilege of being tried at Cæsar's court in Rome instead of at Jerusalem. The governor was obliged to grant this request, and so Paul, with certain other prisoners, was ordered sent under guard to Rome.

Since it was late in the fall of the year when they began their journey, the weather was very uncertain. They set sail first in a smaller coasting vessel, and soon changed to a large grain ship bound for the city of Rome. The weather remained favorable until they had reached the isle of Crete in safety. Paul, who had had experience with the treacherous winter weather of this region, advised that they put up here for the winter, but the captain, desiring to reach the more sheltered harbor, determined to set sail at once.

Hardly had they cleared the harbor from Crete when they were caught by a violent gale from the northeast. So fierce did the storm become that they were no longer able to steer the vessel, but were obliged to let it drive with the wind. Each succeeding day the storm seemed to increase in its fury.

"We must cast part of the cargo overboard,"

declared the captain at length, "or we shall all be lost." So the men set at work to lighten the ship by casting sacks of grain into the sea.

For days the storm continued, heavy black clouds hanging low overhead and shutting out the sun and the stars. Meanwhile the raging waves dashed over the deck. No one knew the location of the ship, nor whither they were drifting. All feared that they would be ground to pieces on some rocky shore. Hope was abandoned by the captain and crew.

Then it was that the aged Paul stood forth and said: "Sirs, be of good cheer. This night the angel of the Lord spake unto me and said, 'Fear not, Paul, thou and all the men who are with thee shall be saved. Only the ship shall be lost.' Therefore, sirs, be cheerful, for I believe what the angel hath said."

This put new courage into the hearts of the sailors, and they did the best they could with the ship. After fourteen days there came the cry of "Land!" Sighting a small creek that promised shelter, they determined, if possible, to drive the ship into it. Hoisting sail, they ran toward the beach. But the gallant vessel grounded and the huge breakers began to crush it to pieces. Seeing that the ship was lost, they all sprang into the sea and, clinging to bits of the wreckage, finally came safe to shore.

The island on which they found refuge proved to be Melita. The inhabitants of this place



PAUL WRITING TO THE CHURCHES HE HAD FOUNDED

treated the wrecked sailors most kindly. Soon they were again able to set sail, and at last arrived at the Roman capital.

In Rome Paul was held prisoner for two years, though nothing was proved against him. While here he busied himself writing letters to his far-away friends in the different churches. As he wrote, or as he talked to the companions who were with him, he told them of his past career, how God had cared for him in the midst of countless dangers, how he had tried to be a worthy soldier of the cross.

Paul, the great apostle, had obeyed the "rules of the game." He had been courageous and faithful to the end. Near the end of his life he wrote, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

STUDY TOPICS:

1. The story of the attack on Paul at the temple in Jerusalem is told in Acts. 21. 26-40. Read carefully this account.
2. Tell how Paul's nephew foiled the plot of Paul's enemies and enabled him to escape.
3. The story of Paul's trip as a prisoner to Rome and the shipwreck is told in Acts 27. Read this account.
4. By what right did Paul demand that he be sent to Rome instead of Jerusalem for trial? (Remember where he was born.)
5. Commit to memory 2 Timothy 4. 7.

LESSON XXX

WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS

IN a little town in Russia there lived a cobbler, Martin by name. He had a tiny room in the basement, the window of which looked out on the street. Through it one could see only the feet of those who passed by, but Martin recognized the people by their boots. He had lived long in the place and had many acquaintances. There was hardly a pair of boots in the neighborhood that had not been once or twice through his hands, so he often saw his own handiwork through the window. He had plenty to do, for he worked well, used good material, did not charge too much, and could be relied upon. If he could do a job by the day required he took it; if not, he told the truth and gave no false promises; so he was well known and never out of work.

Martin had always been a good man; but in his old age he began to think more about his soul and to draw nearer to God. From that time Martin's life became peaceful and quiet. He sat down at his work in the morning, and when he had finished his day's work in the evening he took the lamp down from the wall, stood it on the table, fetched his Bible from the shelf, opened it, and sat down. The more he read the

better he understood and the happier he felt in his mind.

One morning he rose before daylight and, after eating his breakfast of cabbage soup and buckwheat porridge, sat down by the window to work. He looked out of the window more than he worked and when anyone passed in unfamiliar boots he would stoop and look up so as to see not the feet only, but the face of the passer-by as well. Presently an old soldier came by the window, shovel in hand. Martin knew him by his boots, which were shabby old felt ones, goloshed with leather. The old soldier was called Stephen. A neighboring tradesman out of charity kept him in his home. Stephen began to shovel away the snow from in front of Martin's window. Martin glanced at him and then went on with his work.

When he looked up again Stephen had leaned his shovel against the wall, and was either resting or trying to get warm. He was an old, broken-down man, and evidently scarce had strength to clear away the snow.

"What if I called him in and gave him some tea?" thought Martin. "The water is just on the boil." Going to the window, Martin beckoned to him to come in, and went himself to open the door.

"Come in and warm yourself a bit," he said. "I'm sure you must be cold."

"May God bless you," Stephen answered.

"My bones do ache to be sure." He came in, first shaking off the snow from his feet, but as he did so he tottered and nearly fell.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet," said Martin. "I'll wipe up the floor. It's all in the day's work. Come, my friend, sit down and have some tea."

Filling two cups, he passed one to his visitor and, pouring his own out into the saucer, began to blow on it. Stephen emptied his cup and turning it upside down put the remains of the lump of sugar on top.

"Thank you, Martin," he said. "You have given me food and comfort both for soul and body."

"You are always welcome. Come again another time. I am glad to have a guest," answered Martin.

Stephen went away; and Martin poured out the last of the tea and drank it up. Then he sat down to his work, stitching the back seam of a boot. As he stitched he kept looking out of the window and thinking about what he had read in the Bible. And his head was full of Christ's sayings.

Soon an apple woman stopped in front of his window. On her back was a sack full of chips which she was taking home. No doubt she had gathered them at some place where building was going on.

The sack evidently hurt her and she wanted to shift it from one shoulder to the other, so she put

it down on the footpath and, placing her basket on a post, began to shake down the chips in the sack. While she was doing this a boy in a tattered cap ran up and, snatching an apple out of the basket, tried to slip away. The old woman noticed it and turning caught the boy by the sleeve. He began to struggle, but the old woman grasped him with both hands, knocked off his cap and seized hold of his hair. The boy screamed and the old woman scolded. Martin dropped his awl and rushed out of doors. Stumbling up the steps and dropping his spectacles in his hurry, he ran out into the street. The old woman was pulling the boy's hair and threatening to take him to the police. The lad struggled and protested, shouting, "I did not take it! What are you beating me for? Let me go!"

Martin separated them. He took the boy by the hand and said, "Let him go, Granny. Forgive him for the Christ's sake."

The old woman finally let go and the boy wished to run away, but Martin stopped him.

"Ask the Granny's forgiveness," he said, "and don't do it another time. I saw you take the apple."

The boy began to cry and to beg the apple woman's pardon.

"That's right. And now here's an apple for you," and Martin took an apple from the basket and gave it to the boy, saying, "I will pay you, Granny."

"You will spoil them that way, the young rascals," said the old woman. "He ought to be whipped so that he would remember it for a week."

"O Granny, Granny," said Martin, "that's our way, but it's not God's way. If he should be whipped for stealing an apple, what should be done with us for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

And Martin told her of the parable of the lord who forgave his servant a large debt and how the servant went out and seized his debtor by the throat. The old woman listened to it all, and the young boy too stood by and listened.

"God bids us forgive," said Martin, "or else we shall not be forgiven."

The old woman wagged her head and sighed.

"It's true enough," said she, "but they are getting terribly spoiled."

"Then we old ones must show them better ways," Martin replied.

"That's just what I say," said the old woman. "I have had seven of them myself, and only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to tell how and where she was living and how many grandchildren she had. "There now," she said, "I have but little strength left, yet I work hard for the sake of my grandchildren, and nice children they are, too. Little Anne won't leave me for anyone. It's 'Grandmother dear, grandmother, darling grandmother.' " And

the old woman completely softened at the thought.

"Of course it was only his childishness," said she, referring to the boy.

She was just about to lift the bag to her shoulders when the boy ran up and said: "Let me carry it, little grandmother. It is on my way." The old woman nodded her head and put the bag on the boy's back. So they both passed down the street.

Martin stood gazing after them until they passed out of sight. Then he returned to his room and, as it was dark, he put away his work, lighted the lamp, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He intended to open to the place where yesterday he had put a piece of leather as a mark, but it happened to open at another place. As Martin opened it he seemed to hear footsteps as though some one were moving behind him. Martin turned around, and it seemed as if people were standing in the dark corner, but he could not make out who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear, "Martin, Martin, don't you know me?"

"Who is it?" muttered Martin.

"It is I," said the voice once more. And out of the dark corner stepped Stephen, who smiled, and, vanishing like a cloud, was seen no more.

"It is I," said the voice once more. And the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped out and both smiled, and then they too vanished.

194 THE RULES OF THE GAME

And Martin's soul grew glad. He put on his spectacles and began reading the Gospels where they had opened; and at the top of the page he read: "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

At the bottom of the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even the least, ye did it unto me."

Abridged from Twenty-three Tales, by Tolstoy. Translated by L. and A. Maude.

STUDY TOPICS:

1. Who is the chief character of this story? Where did he live? What was his occupation? What is said of his workmanship? What did he read?
2. Tell the story of Martin and the old soldier. Do you think that Martin showed the spirit here which Jesus meant when he spoke of the "cup of cold water"?
3. Tell the story of the old apple woman. Do you think that in taking the apple the boy was as truly stealing as if he had taken money? Is there anything in the Beatitudes of which you are reminded by the part Martin took in settling the trouble between the woman and the boy?
4. Jesus was one time asked, "Which is the great commandment?" His answer is found in Matthew 22. 37-40. Look this

up and read it carefully several times. Do you think Martin was obeying this “great commandment”?

5. Memorize the “great commandment” and write it in your notebook.

LESSON XXXI

A CODE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ¹

THE boys and girls who have been studying this book are dreaming that they one day will become great and successful men and women. That is well. But greatness and success do not come by dreams alone. There are certain things that you must do. You must from day to day practice the goodness and kindness and effort by which you are to succeed. A code is a set of laws or rules. The code which follows sets forth important "rules of the game" which good Americans and good Christians will obey—the laws of *right living*.

I. THE LAW OF HEALTH: The good American tries to gain and keep perfect health. (The welfare of our country depends upon those who try to be physically fit for their daily work.) Therefore:

1. I will keep my clothes, my body, and my mind clean.

2. I will avoid those habits which would harm me, and will make and never break those habits which will help me.

¹This code was prepared by Professor William J. Hutchins, of Oberlin College, and won a prize of \$5,000 for the best code for America . Boys and Girls.

3. I will try to take such food, sleep, and exercise as will keep me in perfect health.

II. THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL: The good American controls himself. (Those who best control themselves can best serve their country.)

1. I will control my *tongue*, and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar, or profane words.

2. I will control my *temper*, and will not get angry when people or things displease me.

3. I will control my *thoughts*, and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a wise purpose.

III. THE LAW OF SELF-RELIANCE: The good American is self-reliant. (Self-conceit is silly, but self-reliance is necessary to boys and girls who would be strong and useful.)

1. I will gladly listen to the advice of older and wiser people, but I will learn to think for myself, choose for myself, act for myself.

2. I will not be afraid of being laughed at.

3. I will not be afraid of doing right when the crowd does wrong.

IV. THE LAW OF RELIABILITY: The good American is reliable. (Our country grows great and good as her citizens are able more fully to trust each other.) Therefore:

1. I will be honest, in word and in act. I will not lie, sneak, or pretend, nor will I keep the truth from those who have a right to it.

2. I will not do wrong in the hope of not be-

198 THE RULES OF THE GAME

ing found out. I cannot hide the truth from myself and cannot often hide it from others.

3. I will not take without permission what does not belong to me.

4. I will do promptly what I have promised to do. If I have made a foolish promise, I will at once confess my mistake, and I will try to make good any harm which my mistake may have caused. I will speak and act so that people will find it easier to trust each other.

V. THE LAW OF CLEAN PLAY: The good American plays fair. (Clean play increases and trains one's strength, and helps one to be more useful to one's country.) Therefore:

1. I will not cheat, nor will I play for keeps. If I should not play fair, the loser would lose the fun of the game, the winner would lose his self-respect, and the game itself would become a mean and often cruel business.

2. I will treat my opponent with politeness.

3. If I play in a group game. I will play, not for my own glory, but for the success of my team and the fun of the game.

4. I will be a good loser or a generous winner.

VI. THE LAW OF DUTY: The good American does his duty. (The shirker or the willing idler lives upon the labor of others, burdens others with the work he ought to do himself. He harms his fellow citizens, and so harms his country.)

I will try to find out what my duty is, *what*

I ought to do, and my duty will I do, whether it is easy or hard. What I ought to do I can do.

VII. THE LAW OF GOOD WORKMANSHIP: The good American tries to do the right thing in the right way. (The welfare of our country depends upon those who have learned to do in the right way the things that ought to be done.) Therefore:

1. I will get the best possible education, and learn all that I can from those who have learned to do the right thing in the right way.

2. I will take an interest in my work, and will not be satisfied with slipshod and merely passable work. A wheel or a rail carelessly made may cause the death of hundreds.

3. I will try to do the right thing in the right way, even when no one else sees or praises me. But when I have done my best, I will not envy those who have done better, or have received larger reward. Envy spoils the work and the worker.

VIII. THE LAW OF TEAM-WORK: The good American works in friendly cooperation with his fellow workers. (One man alone could not build a city or a great railroad. One man alone would find it hard to build a house or a bridge. That I may have bread, men have sowed and reaped, men have made plows and threshers, men have built mills and mined coal, men have

made stoves and kept stores. As we learn better how to work together, the welfare of our country is advanced.)

1. In whatever work I do with others, I will do my part and will help others do their part.

2. I will keep in order the things which I use in my work. When things are out of place, they are often in the way, and sometimes they are hard to find. Disorder means confusion, and the waste to time and patience.

3. In all my work with others, I will be cheerful. Cheerlessness depresses all the workers and injures all the work.

4. When I have received money for my work, I will be neither a miser nor a spendthrift. I will save or spend as one of the friendly workers of America.

IX. THE LAW OF KINDNESS: The good American is kind. (In America those who are of different race, colors, and conditions must live together. We are of many different sorts, but we are one great people. Every unkindness hurts the common life, every kindness helps the common life.) Therefore:

1. I will be kind in all my *thoughts*. I will bear no spites or grudges. I will not think myself above any other girl or boy just because I am of a different race or color or condition. I will never despise anybody.

2. I will be kind in all my *speech*. I will not

gossip nor will I speak unkindly of anyone. Words may wound or heal.

X. THE LAW OF LOYALTY: The good American is loyal. (If our America is to become ever greater and better, her citizens must be loyal, devotedly faithful in every relation of life.)

2. I will be loyal to my school. In loyalty I will gladly obey my parents or those who are in their place. I will do my best to help each member of my family to strength and usefulness.

3. I will be loyal to my school. In loyalty I will obey and help other pupils to obey those rules which further the good of all.

3. I will be loyal to my town, my State, my country. In loyalty I will respect and help others to respect their laws and their courts of justice.

4. I will be loyal to humanity. In loyalty I will do my best to help the friendly relations of our country with every other country, and to give to everyone in every land the best possible chance. If I try simply to be loyal to my family, I may be disloyal to my school. If I try simply to be loyal to my school, I may be disloyal to my town, my State, and my country. If I try simply to be loyal to my town, State and country, I may be disloyal to humanity. I will try, above all things else, to be loyal to my country, my State and my town, to my school and to my family.

And he who obeys the law of loyalty obeys all of the other nine laws of The Good American.

202 THE RULES OF THE GAME

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND TO DO:

1. How many laws or "rules of the game" are contained in this Code? Which of them seems to you most important? Do you think you can be a good American and break any one of these laws?
2. Study the list until you can write down in your notebook the name or title of each of the ten laws. Then copy in the brief statements of the law for each (the sentence immediately following the name of the law).
3. Think these laws over and decide which of them you are obeying most successfully and which you need to be more careful about.
4. Instead of words "good American" following the law, could we put the words "good Christian" and have it just as true?

LESSON XXXII

THE HALL OF HEROES

ON a stately elevation far back from the busy streets of the great city stood The Hall of Heroes. Around it were majestic trees, rare blossoming shrubs, delicate traceries of clambering vines, and banks upon banks of beautiful flowers. Above the massive building with its carved and fluted columns rose the vast glistening dome which seemed to tower to the very clouds.

Mounting a long flight of steps, I passed through a broad doorway and found myself in a magnificent hall, mellow with the light of the afternoon sun which filtered through the stained-glass windows. All was quiet and subdued. I felt as one might feel in a beautiful church or cathedral.

"Would you like to visit those who have won a place in the Hall of Heroes?" I turned at the pleasantly spoken words and looked into the kindly eyes of a guide.

"Here," he went on, "is where we enshrine the memories of all heroes, even from the ^{least} ^{largest} the greatest. Many are here who are known ^{by name}, but very many more whose names are ^{unknown} ^{known} outside their own neighborhood or village. These

we welcome equally with those of greater renown."

The guide led the way and I followed. We approached a large door over which were inscribed the words, "Heroes of War." We entered and I walked slowly down the aisles of that glorious chamber where were kept the loved memories of that vast number who have been willing to offer up their lives that we might have peace, justice, and liberty.

Many there were whose names and deeds were familiar: Leonidas and his famous three hundred who held the pass at Thermopylæ; Nelson with his armless sleeve; Washington kneeling at Valley Forge in prayer for his soldiers; Gordon fighting without a weapon; Florence Nightingale and a host of nurses who gave themselves to relieve suffering on fields of battle; a countless array of noble youth who stood at the Marne, at Verdun, and at the Argonne. Here was a soldier who had refused to be cared for until his comrades had received the surgeon's attention. There was another who had given all the water in his canteen to one of the enemy who was dying of thirst. And on this side one who had risked his life in a rain of bullets to rescue a wounded friend.

I should have lingered long with the memories of these heroes of freedom, but the guide beckoned on.

We passed out of the room and up the marble

stairway to a chamber just above over whose portals were inscribed the words, "Heroes of the Lonely Way." "In this room," said the guide, "are the pioneers of all ages—those who have gone out to meet hardships and danger in opening up the way into new and strange places."

And so it was. There were Moses and Abraham and Elijah, who had blazed the trail for others to follow toward the Christ. There was Livingstone, who had fought through the jungle of the Dark Continent and let the light of the gospel in. There was Columbus, who had plunged fearlessly through the waves of unknown seas and opened up a continent for civilization. There was John G. Paton, who had carried the message of Christianity to the islands of the seas. There was Pasteur, who, though spent in body, gave his entire life to search out the cause of disease and bring relief to the suffering. And there were, as in the former chamber, a vast number who, unknown to fame, had faithfully done their part in making the way better and brighter for those who were to live after them.

As we approached the next chamber. I saw the words, "Heroes of Truth." Those were here who had dared to stand firm in the face of danger and death for some precious bit of truth which had come to them.

Foremost among this mighty assemblage were the disciples, most of whom had died martyrs' deaths rather than deny the gospel Jesus had

committed to them; Stephen, stoned to death for his faith; Paul, persecuted for righteousness sake, yet steadfast keeper of the faith; and with him many Christians of later centuries who gave up their lives rather than deny their Lord; Socrates was there with his cup of hemlock; and Galileo tortured for daring to tell the truth about the stars and planets.

So we passed from chamber to chamber throughout the vast building, climbing upward from story to story toward the shining dome which crowned the structure. In each chamber were heroes from every century and from every land—men and women and boys and girls who had learned and dared to follow the “rules of the game,” and so had lived brave, clean lives of helpfulness to others.

At last we approached the vast chamber which occupied the whole of the magnificent dome. Over its entrance was this inscription: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

The guide stood aside and I entered the great room, which was flooded with a soft, glowing light of wonderful brilliance and whiteness. When my eyes, blinded at first, were accustomed to its radiance, I saw but one figure—the Christ. As I stood, reverently gazing, the form first seemed to be that of a young child in its mother’s arms. The next moment the figure had changed and I beheld a strong, clean-limbed youth with



THE HERO OF HEROES
(Paolo Veronese)

clear eye and thoughtful brow. Again there was a transformation and I saw Jesus as he healed the sick, brought sight to the blind, comforted the sorrowing, taught men and women the way of life. Once more, as I stood reverently gazing, there was a change, and before me stood the cross with the Saviour of the world hanging crucified upon it.

I fell upon my knees in adoration and worship before this hero of the ages, the Hero of heroes—Jesus, the Christ. As I knelt I heard the sound of music, low and distant at first, then swelling upward from the chambers below. It grew in volume and clearness until it became a mighty chorus singing:

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

1. Can you close your eyes and in your imagination see such a building as that described? Then can you think of the "Hall" as existing just in our memories, or in our love and appreciation of our heroes?
2. Several classes of heroes are mentioned—heroes of *War*, of the *Lonely Way*, of *Truth*, of *Love*. Are there still other kinds of heroes we should remember?

3. Can you think of heroes, other than those whose names were given, who ought to be included in each of the classes mentioned? Make a list of these in your notebook.
4. We call Jesus the Hero of heroes. Has there ever been any other person whom so many have loved and admired and who has done so much for the world? Is he your hero?
5. The best way to honor the heroes we love is to live for the things for which they gave their lives. The best way to honor the Hero of heroes is to live as he lived and do as he would have us do.



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